

(4)

THE
RECRUITING
OFFICER,
A
COMEDY.

Written by Mr. FARQUHAR.

— *Captique dolis, donisque coacti.*
Virg. Lib. II. Æneid.



LONDON,
Printed for T. JOHNSON.

M. DCC. XX.

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THE PROLOGUE.

*In ancient times, when Helen's fatal charms
 Rous'd the contending Universe to Arms,
 The Græcian Council happily deputed
 Ulysses forth—to raise Recruits.
 The artful Captain found, without delay,
 The great Achilles a deserter lay.
 His Fate had warn'd to shun the Trojan blows:
 His Greece requir'd—against their Trojan foes.
 The recruiting arts were needful here
 To raise this great, this tim'rous Volunteer.
 Ulysses well could talk—He stirs, he warms
 The warlike Youth—He listens to the charms
 Of plunder, fine lac'd coats, and glitt'ring Arms.
 Ulysses caught the young aspiring boy,
 And list'd him who wrought the fate of Troy.
 As by recruiting was bold Hector slain:
 Recruiting thus fair Helen did regain.
 For one Helen such prodigious things
 Were acted, that they even list'd Kings;
 For one Helen's artful vicious charms
 Half the transported World was found in Arms;
 What for so many Helens may we dare,
 To lose minds as well as faces are so fair?
 By one Helen's eyes, old Greece cou'd find;
 Homer fir'd to write—even Homer blind;
 The Britains sure beyond compare may write,
 At view so many Helens every night.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Mr. BALLANCE, }
Mr, SCALE } Three Justices.
Mr, SCRUPLE, }

Mr. WORTHY. a Gentleman of *Shropshire*.

Captain PLUME, }
Captain BRAZEN, } Two Recruiting Officers,

KITE, Serjeant to *Plume*.

BULLOCK, a Country Clown.

Costar Pear main, }
Tho. Apple tree. } Two Recruits.

MELINDA, A Lady of fortune.

SILVIA, Daughter to *Balance*, in love with *Plume*.

LUCY, *Melinda's* Maid.

ROSE, A Country wench:

Constable, Recruits, Mob, Servants and Attendants

SCENE, *SHREWSBURY*.



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THE
RECRUITING
OFFICER.

A C T I.

SCENE, *the Market-place.*

Drum beats the Granadeer-March.

Enter Serjeant Kite, follow'd by the Mob.

Kite making a speech.

IF any Gentlemen Soldiers, or others, have a
mind to serve her Majesty, and pull down the
French King: If any Prentices have severe Masters,
any Children have undutiful Parents: If any Servants
are too little wages, or any Husband too much
wife: let them repair to the noble Serjeant Kite, at
the Sign of the Raven in this good Town of Shrews-
bury, and they shall receive present relief and enter-
tainment. Gentlemen, I don't beat my drums here
to inflame or inveigle any man; for you must know,
Gentlemen, that I am a man of honour: Besides, I
don't beat up for common Soldiers; no, I list only

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Gra-

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Granadeers, Granadeers, Gentlemen— Pray, Gentlemen observe this cap— This is the cap of Honour, it dubs a Man a Gentleman in the drawing of a trickster and he that has the good fortune to be born six foot high, was born to be a great man—Sir, will you give me leave to try this cap upon your head?

Mob. Is there no harm in't? Won't the cap list me?

Kite. No, no, no more than I can— Come, let me see how it becomes you.

Mob. Are you sure there be no conjuration in it? no gun-powder plot upon me?

Kite. No, no, Friend; don't fear, man.

Mob. My mind misgives me plaguily... Let me see it... (Going to put it on) It smells woundily of sweet and Erimstone. Pray, Serjeant, what writing is there upon the face of it?

Kite. The Crown, or the bed of honour.

Mob. Pray now, what may be that same bed of honour?

Kite. O! a mighty large bed! bigger by half than the great bed at Ware... Ten thousand people may lie in it together, and never feel one another.

Mob. My Wife and I wou'd do well to lie in't, for we don't care so feeling one another—But do folk sleep sound in this same bed of honour?

Kite. Sound! ay, so sound, that they never awake.

Mob. Wauns! I wish again that my Wife lay there.

Kite. Say you so; then I find, Brother—

Mob. Brother! hold there, Friend; I am no kindred to you that I know of yet—Look'ee Serjeant, no coaxing, no wheedling, d'ye see—If I have a mind to list, why so—If not, why'tis not so—therefore take your cap and your brothership back again, for I am not dispos'd at this present writing—No coaxing, no brothering me, faith.

Kite. I coax! I wheedle! I'm above it: Sir, I have serv'd twenty Campaigns... But, Sir, you talk

well,

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you, a pretty
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... Come, he

Mob. Nay, for
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your pardon, Sir

Kite. Give me
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ink... She's a
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een's health?

All. Mob. No,

Kite. Huzza!

the honour of Sh

All. Mob. Huz

Kite. Beat drum

Enter

Plume. By the
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see... Four a c
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Kite. Welcom
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O F F I C E R. 7

all, and I must own that you are a man every inch
you, a pretty young sprightly fellow... I love a
slow with a spirit; but I scorn to coax, 'tis base:
though I must say, that never in my life have I seen
man better built; how firm and strong he treads!
steps like a castle; but I scorn to wheedle any
... Come, honest Lad, will you take share of a

Mob. Nay, for that matter, I'll spend my penny
with the best he that wears a head; that is, begging
your pardon, Sir, and in a fair way.

Kite. Give me your hand then; and now Gentle-
men, I have no more to say, but this... Here's a
cup of Gold, and there is a tub of humming Ale at my
quarters... 'Tis the Queen's money, and the Queen's
thank... She's a generous Queen, and loves her Sub-
jects... I hope, Gentlemen, you won't refuse the
Queen's health?

All. Mob. No, no, no.

Kite. Huzza! then, huzza! for the Queen, and
the honour of *Shropshire*.

All. Mob. Huzza!

Kite. Beat drum.

[*Exit. drum beating a
Granadeers March.*]

Enter Plume in a riding habit.

Plume By the Granadeer March, that shou'd be my
march; and by that shout it shou'd beat with success... Let
me see... Four a clock... (*looking on his Watch*) At ten yest-
erday morning I left *London*... A hundred and twenty
miles in thirty hours is pretty smart riding, but nothing
of the fatigue of Recruiting.

Enter Kite.

Kite. Welcome to *Shrewsbury*, noble Captain: From
the banks of the *Danube* to the *Severn* side, noble Cap-
tain you're welcome.

A 4

Plume.

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Plume. A very elegant reception indeed, Mr. Kite. I find you are fairly enter'd into your Recruiting strain—Pray what success?

Kite. I have been here but a week, and I have recruited five.

Plume. Five ! Pray, what are they ?

Kite. I have listed the strong Man of Kent, the King of the Gipsies, a Scotch Pedlar, a scoundrel Attorney, and a Welsh Parson.

Plume. An Attorney ! wer't thou mad ? List a Lawyer ! Discharge him, discharge him this minute.

Kite. Why Sir ?

Plume. Because I will have no body in my Company that can write: a Fellow that can write; can draw Petitions—I say this minute discharge him.

Kite. And what shall I do with the Parson ?

Plume. Can he write ?

Kite. Hum ! He plays rarely upon the fiddle.

Plume. Keep him by all means—But how stand the country affected ? Were the people pleas'd with the news of my coming to Town ?

Kite. Sir, the Mob are so pleas'd with your Honour, and the Justices and better sort of people are so delighted with me, that we shall soon do our business—But, Sir, you have got a Recruit here that you little think of.

Plume. who ?

Kite. One that you beat up for the last time you were in the country : You remember your old Friend Molly at the Castle ?

Plume. She's not with-child, I hope:

Kite. No, no, Sir ;.. She was brought to-bed yesterday.

Plume. Kite, you must father the Child.

Kite. And so her Friends will oblige me to marry the Mother.

Plume. If they shou'd, we'll take her with us ; she can wash you know, and make a bed upon occasion.

Kite. Ay, or
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Plume. To h
Kite. I can't
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Plume. A ful
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Plume. Nor
ature of *Wor*
Kite.

Mr. Kite. Ay, or unmake it upon occasion. But your Honour knows that I am marry'd already.

Plume. To how many?

Kite. I can't tell readily—I have set them down here on the back of the Muster roll. [Draws it out] Let me—*imprimis*, Mrs. *Sheely Snikereyes*, she sells potatoes upon *Ormond key* in *Dublin*—*Peggy Guzzle* the Bran-woman, at the Horse-Guard at *Whitehall*—*Dolly* the Carrier's Daughter at *Hull*—*Mademoiselle Bottem flat* at the *Buss*—Then *Jenny Oakham* the Carpenter's Widow at *Portsmouth*; but I don't reckon upon her, for she was marry'd at the same time to two Lieutenants of Marines, and a Man-of-War's Surgeon.

Plume. A full Company—You have nam'd five—make 'em half a dozen, —*Kite*—Is the Child a Boy, or a Girl?

Kite. A chopping Boy.

Plume. Then set the Mother down in your list, and Boy in mine: Enter him a Granadeer by the name *Francis Kite*, absent upon furlow—I'll allow you a year's pay for his subsistence; and now go comfort the people and trench in the straw.

Kite. I shall, Sir.

Plume. But hold: Have you made any use of your *German Doctor's* habit since you arriv'd?

Kite. Yes, yes, Sir, and my fame's all about the country, for the most faithful Fortune teller, that I ever told a lye—I was oblig'd to let my Landlord into the secret, for the convenience of keeping it so; but 'twas an honest fellow, & will be faithful to any rogue—that is trusted to him. This device, Sir, will get me Men, and me money, which I think is all we want at present—But yonder comes your friend Mr. *Worthy*—Has your Honour any farther commands?

Plume. None at present. [Exit Kite] 'Tis indeed the figure of *Worthy*, but the life's departed.

Kite. Enter

A 5

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Enter Worthy.

What, arms a-cross, *Worthy*; Methinks you should hold 'em open, when a Friend's so near—The Man has got the vapours in his ears, I believe: I must expel the melancholly Spirit.

Spleen, thou worst of Fiends below,
Fly, I conjure thee by this magick blow.

[Slaps Worthy on the shoulder]

Wor. *Plume!* my dear Captain, welcome. Safe and sound return'd?

Plume. I 'scap'd safe from *Germany*, and sound hope from *London*; you see I have lost neither leg, arm nor nose; then for my inside, 'tis neither troubl'd with sympathies nor antipathies, and I have an excellent stomach for roast beef.

Wor. Thou art a happy fellow: once I was so.

Plume. What ails thee, Man! No inundations nor Earthquakes in *Wales*, I hope; Has your Father roll'd from the dead, and reassum'd his Estate?

Wor. No.

Plume. Then you are marry'd surely?

Wor. No.

Plume. Then you are mad, or turning Quaker.

Wor. Come, I must out with it—Your once gay roving Friend is dwindl'd into an obsequious, thoughtful, romantick, constant Coxcomb.

Plume. And pray, what is all this for?

Wor. For a Woman.

Plume. Shake hands, Brother, if thou go to that; behold me as obsequious, as thoughtful, and as constant a Coxcomb as your Worship.

Wor. For whom?

Plume. For a Regiment—But for a Woman! S'death! I have been constant to fifteen at a time, but never melancholly for one. And can the love of one bring you into this condition; Pray who is this wonderful *Hellen*?

Wor. A *Hellen*
siege: as gr
Plume. A great
Wor. No, no
Plume. 'Tis te
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Wor. Very we
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Plume. So
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Wor.

Wor. A *Hellen* indeed, not to be won under a ten years siege: as great a Beauty, and as great a Jilt.

Plume. A great Jilt! Pho! Is she as great a Whore?

Wor. No, no.

Plume. 'Tis ten thousand pities. But who is she? Do you know her?

Wor. Very well.

Plume. That's impossible—I know no Woman that will hold out a ten years siege.

Wor. What think you of *Melinda*?

Plume. *Melinda*! Why she began to capitulate this twelvemonth, and offer'd to surrender upon honorable terms; and I advis'd you to propose a settlement of five hundred pound a year to her, before I went last road.

Wor. I did, and she hearken'd to it, desiring only one week to consider— When, beyond her hopes, the Town was reliev'd, and I fort'd to turn my Siege into a Blockade,

Plume. Explain, explain.

Wor. My Lady *Richly*, her Aunt in *Flintshire* dies, and leaves her, at this critical time, twenty thousand pounds

Plume. Oh the Devil! What a delicate Woman was there spoil'd! But by the rules of War now, — *Worthy*, Blockade was foolish— after such a Convoy of provisions was enter'd the place, you cou'd have no thought of reducing it by famine; you shou'd have redoubl'd your attacks, taken the Town by storm, or have dy'd upon the breach.

Wor. I did make one general assault, and push'd it with all my forces; but I was so vigorously repuls'd, that despairing of ever gaining her for a Mistress, I have alter'd my conduct, given my addressee the obsequious and distant turn, and court her now for a Wife.

Plume. So as you grew obsequious, she grew haughty; and because you approach'd her as a Goddess, she treat'd you like a dog.

Wor.

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Wor. Exactly.

Plume. 'Tis the way of 'em all.— Come *Worthy*, your obsequious and distant airs will never bring you together; you must not think to surmount her pride by your humility: Wou'd you bring her to better thoughts of you, she must be reduc'd to a meaner opinion of herself— Let me see, the very first thing that I would do shou'd be to ly with her Chamber-maid, and hire three or four Wenches in the neighbourhood, to report that they had got them with child.... Suppose we lampoon'd all the pretty Women in Town, and left her out? or what if we made a Ball, and forgot to invite her with one of the two of the ugliest?

Wor. These wou'd be mortifications, I must confess; but we live in such a precise dull place, that we can have no Balls, no Lampoons, no ———

Plume. What! no Bastards, and so many recruiting Officers in Town; I thought 'twas a maxim among them, to leave as many Recruits in the country as they carry'd out.

Wor. No-body doubts your good will, Noble Captain, in serving your Country with your best blood; witness our Friend *Molly* at the Castle ——— there have been tears in Town about that business, Captain.

Plume. I hope, *Silvia* has not heard of it.

Wor. O Sir! have you thought of her? I began to fancy you had forgot poor *Silvia*.

Plume. Your affairs had put mine quite out of my head. 'Tis true, *Silvia* and I had once agreed to go to bed together, cou'd we have adjusted Preliminaries; but she wou'd have the Wedding before consummation, and I was for consummation before the Wedding; we cou'd not agree. She was a pert obstinate fool, and wou'd lose her maiden-head her own way, so she may keep it for *Plume*.

Wor. But do you intend to marry upon no other conditions?

Plume. Your pardon, Sir, I'll marry upon no condition

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wou'd not va
the victory.
Kite. Cap
Plume. Yo
Kite. You
the good W
Mr. Worthy.

at all ——— If I shou'd, I am resolv'd never to
 my self to a Woman for my whole life, till I
 whether I shall like her company for half an
 Suppose I marry'd a Woman that wanted a leg...
 a thing might be, unless I examin'd the goods be-
 hand ——— If people wou'd but try one another's
 titutions before they engag'd, it wou'd prevent all
 elopements, divorces, and the Devil knows

Wor. Nay, for that matter, the Town did not stick
 at that, that —

Plume. I hate Country Towns for that reason.— If
 our Town has a dishonourable thought of *Silvia*, it
 deserves to be burnt to the ground.— I love *Silvia*,
 admire her frank generous disposition— There's
 something in that Girl more than Woman, her Sex is
 a foil to her — The ingratitude, dissimulation,
 pride, avarice, and vanity of her sister Females,
 but set off their contraries in her... In short, were I
 a General, I wou'd marry her.

Wor. Faith you have reason... For were you but a
 corporal, she wou'd marry you ——— But my *Me-*
linda coquets it with every Fellow she sees... I'll lay
 fifty pound, she makes love to you.

Plume. I'll lay fifty Pound that I return it, if she
 does.. Look'e, *Worthy*, I'll win her and give her to
 you afterwards.

Wor. If you win her, you shall wear her, Faith; I
 wou'd not value the conquest, without the credit of
 the victory.

Enter Kite.

Kite. Captain, Captain, a word in your ear.

Plume. You may speak out, here are none but Friends.

Kite. You know, Sir, that you sent me to comfort
 the good Woman in the straw, Mrs. *Molly* ... my Wife.

Mr. *Worthy*.

Wor.

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Wor. O, ho! very well! I wish you joy, Mr. Kite.

Kite. Your Worship very well may... For I have got both a Wife and a Child in half an hour... But as I was saying... you sent me to comfort Mrs. Molly... my Wife I mean... But what d'ye think, Sir? She was better comforted before I came.

Plume. As how!

Kite. Why, Sir, a Footman in a blue livery, had brought her ten Guineas, to buy her baby-cloaths.

Plume. Who in the name of wonder cou'd send them?

Kite. Nay, Sir, I must whisper that--Mrs. Silvia.

Plume. Silvia! Generous creature!

Wor. Silvia! Impossible!

Kite. Here are the Guineas, Sir,---I took the Gold as part of my Wife's portion. Nay, farther, Sir, she sent word the Child shou'd be taken all imaginable care of, and that she intended to stand God-mother. The same Footman, as I was coming to you with this new call'd after me, and told me that his Lady wou'd speak with me --- I went, and upon hearing that you were come to Town, she gave me half a Guinea for the news; and order'd me to tell you, that Justice Ballowance her Father, who is just come out of the country would be glad to see you.

Plume. There's a Girl for you, *Worthy*---Is there any thing of Woman in this? No, 'tis noble, generous, manly friendship; shew me another Woman that wou'd lose an inch of her prerogative that way, without tears, fits, and reproaches. The common jealousy of her Sex, which is nothing but their avarice of pleasure, she despises; and can part with the Lover, though she dies for the Man---Come, *Worthy*--Where's the best Wine? For there I'll quarter.

Wor. *Horton* has a fresh pipe of choice *Barcelona*, which I wou'd not let him pierce before, because I reserv'd the maiden-head of it for your welcome to Town.

Plume. Let's away then,---Mr. Kite, wait on the Lady

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Wor. Hold
Captain?
Kite. No, S
Plume. Ano
Wor. My l
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ly, Mr. Kite, with my humble service, and tell her I shall only
 or I have got fresh a little, and wait upon her.
 But as I was told, Hold, Kite--- Have you seen the other recrui-
 ... my Wife Captain?
 e was better Kite. No, Sir.
 Plume. Another, who is he?
 Wor. My Rival in the first place, and the most
 livery, had an account-able fellow---but I'll tell you more as we go.
 oaths. [Exeunt.
 could send

Mrs. Silvia
 SCENE *an Apartment.*

Melinda and Silvia meeting.

k the Gold
 r, Sir, the Mel. Welcome to Town, Cousin Silvia [they salute]
 inable can- envy'd you your retreat in the country; for Shrewsbury,
 her. The thinks, and all your heads of Shires are the most irre-
 n this new- lar places for living; here we have smok, noise,
 you'd spee- andal, affectation, and pretension; in short, every
 g that you- ing to give the spleen,---and nothing to divert it---
 Guinea for- then, the air is intolerable.
 ustice Bal- Sil. O, Madam! I have heard the Town commended
 e country- its air.

Mel. But you don't consider, Silvia, how long I have
 s there an- d in't! for I can assure you, that to a Lady, the least
 generous- ice in her constitution---no air can be good above half
 that wou- year. Change of air, I take to be the most agreeable
 out tears- any variety in life.

fic of her Sil. As you say, Cousin Melinda, there are several
 assure, the- sorts of airs.

h she dies Mel. Psha! I talk only of the air we breathe, or more
 est Wine properly of that we taste---Have not you, Silvia, found
 vast difference in the taste of airs?

Barcelona, Sil. Pray, Cousin, are not vapours a sort of air?
 ause I re- the air! you might as well tell me, I may feed upon
 to Town- air. But prithee my dear Melinda, don't put on such
 ait on the- air to me. Your education and mine were just the
 Lady same

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same, and I remember the time, when we never troubled our heads about air; but when the sharp air from the *Welsh* mountains made our fingers ake in a cold morning, at the Boarding-school.

Mel. Our education, Cousin, was the same, but our temperaments had nothing alike; you have the constitution of an horse.

Sil. So far as to be troubl'd with neither spleen, cholick, nor vapours; I need no salts for my stomach, no Harts-horn for my head, nor wash for my complexion. I can gallop all the morning after the hunting horn, and all the evening after a Fiddle. In short, I can do every thing with my Father, but drink, and shoot flying; and I am sure I can do every thing my Mother could, were I put to the trial.

Mel. You are in a fair way of being put to't; for I am told your Captain is come to Town.

Sil. Ay, *Melinda*, he is come, and I'll take care he shan't go without a companion.

Mel. You are certainly mad, Cousin.

Sil. And there's a pleasure in being mad, which none but Mad-men know.

Mel. Thou poor romantick *Quixote* — Hast thou the vanity to imagine, that a young sprightly Officer, that rambles o'er half the Globe in half a year, can confine his thoughts to the little Daughter of a Country Justice, in an obscure part of the world?

Sil. Psha! What care I for his thoughts; I shou'd not like a man with confin'd thoughts, it shews a narrowness of soul. Constancy is but a dull sleepy quality at best, they will hardly admit it among the manly virtues; nor do I think it deserves a place with bravery, knowledge, policy, justice, and some other qualities that are proper to that noble sex. In short, *Melinda*, I think a petticoat a mighty simple thing, and I am heartily tir'd of my sex.

Mel. That is, you are tir'd of an appendix to our sex, that you can't so handsomely get rid of in petticoats,

pray for our
Ted. Very g
King in pri
blessing. O
gether!

[A Proce
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over sho

Look down
Behold
Behold
And with

Look down
Oh!
For pit
For pity,

Enter

Bert. [to A
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Alph. to L
ow near ou
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answer these
answer'em a
Lov. Yes,
The General
Victory ca
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ight of his
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Alph. Th
Ted. By n

pray for our success against the Moors.

Ed. Very good: She usurps the Throne, keeps the King in prison, and at the same time, is praying for blessing. Oh Religion and Roguery, how they go together!

[A Procession of Priests and Choristers in white, with tapers, follow'd by the Queen and Ladies, goes over the Stage: the Choristers singing.

Look down, ye bless'd above, look down,

Behold our weeping Matron's tears,

Behold our tender Virgin's fears,

And with success our Armies crown.

Look down, ye bless'd above, look down:

Oh! save us, save us, and our State restore;

For pity, pity, pity, we implore.

For pity, pity, pity, we implore.

[The Procession goes off, and shout within.

Enter Lorenzo, who kneels to Alphonso.

Bert. [to Alph.] A joyful cry; & see your Son Lorenzo: good news kind Heav'n!

(ral safe ?

Alph. to Lor.] O welcome, welcome! Is the General near our Army? When shall we be succour'd? are we succour'd? are the Moors remov'd?

answer these questions first; and then a thousand more: answer 'em all together.

Lor. Yes, when I have a thousand tongues I will,

the General's well; his Army too is safe

Victory can make 'em. The Moor's King

safe enough, I warrant him, for one:

at dawn of day our General cleft his pate,

right of his woollen night-cap: a slight wound;

perhaps he may recover.

Alph. Thou reviv'st me.

Ed. By my computation now, the Victory was gain'd

B

before

before the Procession was made for it; and yet it will go hard, but the Priests will make a Miracle on't.

Lor Yes faith, we came like bold intruding Guests,
And took 'em unprepar'd to give us welcome:
Their Scouts we kill'd, then found their Body sleeping;
And as they lay confus'd, we stumbl'd o'er 'em;
And took what joint came next; arms, heads, or legs,
Somewhat undecently: when men want light,
They make but bungling work.

Bert I'll to the Queen,
And bear the news.

Ped That's young Lorenzo's duty.

Bert I'll spare his trouble —

This *Torrismond* begins to grow too fast;
He must be mine, or ruin'd.

Lor *Pedro* a word: — (*Whisper.*) (*Exit Bertran*)

Alph How swift he shot away! I find it stung him,
In spigh of his dissembling.

To *Lorenzo*] How many of the Enemy are slain?

Lor Troth, Sir, we were in haste, and cou'd not stay
To score the men we kill'd: But there they lie;
Best send our Women out to take the tale;
There's circumcision in abundance for 'em.

[*Turns to Pedro again*

Alph How far did you pursue 'em?

Lor Some few Miles —

To *Ped*] Good store of Harlots, say you, and dog cheap

Pedro, they must be had; and speedily:

I've kept a tedious fast.

[*Whispers again*

Alph When will he make his Entry? He deserves
Such Triumphs as were giv'n by ancient *Rome*.
Ha Boy, what say'st thou?

Lor As you say, Sir, that *Rome* was very ancient —

To *Ped*) I leave the choice to you; fair, black, tall, low
Let her but have a nose and you may tell her
I'm rich in jewels, rings, and bobbing pearls
Pluck'd from *Moor*'s ears. —

Alph *Lorenzo*?

Lor. Some
about affairs r
(*Pedro*) A

Ped I hear
how he will l
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Lor. Then
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Ped. 'Twas

Lor. He dri

Alph. That

Ped. Yes,

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Lor. Death

Ped. O, y

the fawning

Lor. (*Asid*

He'en go lo

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Alph. Nov

Bert. You

glorious co

the People r

and Heav'n c

the throngin

and with the

Tor. My L

popular a

Lor. Some what busie

about affairs relating to the publick. —

Pedro.) A seasonable Girl, just in the nick now:

(*Trumpets within.*)

Ped. I hear the General's trumpets; Stand, and mark

how he will be receiv'd, I fear, but coldly:

Here hung a cloud, methought, on *Bertran's* brow.

Lor. Then look to see a storm on *Torrismond's*.

Looks fright not Men: the General has seen *Moors*,

with as bad faces, no dispraise to *Bertran's*.

Ped. 'Twas rumour'd in the Camp, he loves the Queen.

Lor. He drinks her health devoutly.

Alph. That may breed bad blood twixt him & *Bertran*.

[*Aside*] Ped. Yes, in private:

Exit Bertran at *Bertran* has been taught the arts of Court,

to gild a face with smiles; and leera Man to ruin.

where they come. —

ain? *Enter Torrismond and Officers on one side: Bertran attended*
ou'd not stay *on the other. They embrace; Bertran bowing low.*
ie;

as I prophecy'd. —

Pedro again Lor. Death and Hell, he laughs at him: — in's face too.

Ped. O, you mistake him: 'twas an humble grin;

the fawning joy of Courtiers, and of Dogs.

dog cheap Lor. (*Aside*) Here are nothing but lyes to be expected:

whispers again He'll go lose my self in some blind alley; and try if any

deserves courteous Damsel will think me worth finding.

(*Exit Lorenzo.*)

Alph. Now he begins to open.

ancient — *Bertran*. Your Country rescu'd, & your Queen reliev'd!

c, tall, low glorious conquest noble *Torrismond*!

the People rend the skies with loud applause;

and Heav'n can hear no other name but your's.

The thronging crowds press on you as you pass;

and with their eager joy, make triumph flow.

Tor. My Lord, I have no taste

Lor. popular applause; the noisie praise

Of giddy crowds, as changeable as winds,
Still vehement, and still without a cause:
Servants to Chance; and blowing in the tyde
Of swoln success; but veering with its ebb,
It leaves the channel dry.

Bert. So young a Stoick!

Torr. You wrong me, if you think I'll sell one drop
Within these veins for pageants. But let Honour
Call for my blood, and sluice it into streams;
Turn Fortune loose again to my pursuit,
And let me hunt her through embattel'd Foes,
In dusty plains, amidst the Cannons roar,
There will I be the first.

Bert. I'll try him farther —

Suppose th' assembled States of *Aragon*
Decree a Statue to you, thus inscrib'd,
To *Torritmond*, who freed his native Land.

Alph (*to Ped*) Mark how he sounds & fathoms him, to find
The shallows of his Soul!

Bert. The just applause

Of God-like Senates, is the stamp of Vertue,
Which makes it pass unquestion'd through the world.
These Honours you deserve; nor shall my suffrage
Be late to fix 'em on you. If refus'd,
You brand us all with black Ingratitude:
For times to come shall say, Our *Spain*, like *Rome*,
Neglects her Champions, after noble acts,
And lets their laurels wither on their heads.

Torr. A Statue, for a Batrel blindly fought,
Where darkness and surprise made conquest cheap!
Where Virtue borrow'd but the arms of Chance,
And struck a random blow! 'twas Fortune's work;
And Fortune take the praise.

Bert. Yet happiness

Is the first fame: Vertue without success,
Is a fair Picture shown by an ill light:
But lucky Men are Favourites of Heaven:
And whom should Kings esteem above Heav'n's Darling?

The

The Double Discovery.

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praises of a young and beauteous Queen
will crown your glorious acts.

Tor. [to *Alphonso*] There sprung the Mine.

Tor. The Queen! that were a happiness too great!

And you the Queen, my Lord?

Bert. Yes: You have seen her, and you must confess,

praise, a smile, a look from her is worth

the shouts of thousand Amphitheaters:

she shall praise you; for I can oblige her:

tomorrow will deliver all her charms

to my arms, and make her mine for ever.

Why stand you mute?

Tor. Alas! I cannot speak.

(employ'd?

[*aside*, *Bert.* Not speak, my Lord! How were your thoughts

Tor. Nor can I think; or I am lost in thought.

Bert. Thought of the Queen, perhaps?

Tor. Why, if it were,

it may be thought on, though too high to climb.

Bert. O, now I find where your Ambition drives:

you ought not think of her.

Tor. So I say too;

ought not: Madmen ought not to be mad:

who can help his frenzy?

Bert. Fond young Man!

The wings of your Ambition must be clipt:

your shame-fac'd Vertue shun'd the people's praise,

and Senate's honours: but 'tis well we know

what price you hold your self at: you have fought

with some success, and that has seal'd your pardon.

Tor. Pardon from thee! O, give me patience, Heav'n!

Thrice vanquish'd *Bertran*; if thou dar'st, look out

upon yon slaughter'd Host, that field of blood;

here seal my pardon, where thy Fame was lost.

Tor. He's ruin'd, past redemption!

Alph. [to *Tor.*] Learn respect

to the first Prince o'th' blood.

Bert. O, let him rave!

Do not contend with Madmen.

B 3

Tor.

Tor. I have done:

I know 'twas madness to declare this truth:
And yet 'twere baseness to deny my love.
'Tis true, my hopes are vanishing as clouds;
Lighter than Children's bubbles blown by winds:
My merits, but the rash results of Chance;
My Birth unequal; all the stars against me;
Pow'r, promise, choice; the living and the dead;
Mankind my foes; and only Love to friend:
But such a Love, kept at such awful distance,
As, what it loudly dares to tell a Rival,
Shall fear to whisper there. Queens may be lov'd,
And so may Gods; else, why are Altars rais'd?
Why shines the Sun, but that he may be view'd?
But Oh! when he's too bright, if then we gaze,
'Tis but to weep, and close our eyes in darkness.

[Exit Torrismond.]

Bert. 'Tis well: the Goddess shall be told, she shall,
Of her new Worshipper.

[Exit Bertran.]

Pedro So, here's fine work!

He has supply'd his only Foe with arms
For his destruction. Old *Penelope's* tale
Inverted: h'has unravell'd all by day,
That he has done by night. — What, Planet-struck!

Alph. I wish I were; to be past sense of this!

Ped. Wou'd I had but a lease of life so long,
As till my flesh and blood rebell'd this way
Against our Sovereign Lady. Mad for a Queen!
With a Globe in one hand, and a Scepter in t'other;
A very pretty Moppet!

Alph. Then to declare his madness to his Rival!
His Father absent on an Embassy:
Himself a Stranger almost; wholly friendless!
A Torrent rowling down a precipice,
Is easier to be stop't, than is his ruin

Ped. 'Tis fruitless to complain: haste to the Court:
Improve your interest there, for pardon from the Queen.

Alph. Weak remedies;

But

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all must be attempted.

(*Exit Alphonso.*)

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Well, I am the most unlucky Rogue; I have been ranging over half the Town, but have sprung no Game. Our Women are worse, Infidels than the Men: I told 'em I was one of the Knight Errants, that deliver'd them from Ravishment; and I think in my Conscience that's their quarrel to me.

Ped. Is this a time for fooling? Your Cousin is run honourably mad in love with her Majesty: He is split upon a rock; and you, who are in chase of Harlots, are sinking in the main ocean. I think the Devil's in the Family. [*Exit Pedro. Lorenzo solus.*]

Lor. My Cousin ruin'd, says he! hum! not that with my Kinsman's ruin; that were unchristian: but the General's ruin'd, I am Heir; there's comfort for a Christian. Money I have, I thank the honest Men for't; but I want a Mistress. I am willing to be leud; but the Tempter is wanting on his part.

Enter Elvira veil'd.

Elvira. Stranger! Cavalier——will you not hear me? you Moor-killer, you Matador.

Lor. Meaning me, Madam?

Elvir. Face about, Man; you a Soldier, and afraid of the Enemy!

Lor. I must confess, I did not expect to have been charg'd first: I see Souls will not be lost for want of Intelligence in this Devil's Reign: *Aside. To her.* Now Madam Cynthia behind a cloud, your will and pleasure with me?

Elvir. You have the appearance of a Cavalier; and if you are as deserving as you seem, perhaps you may not repent of your Adventure. If a Lady like you well enough to hold discourse with you at first sight, you are

Gentleman enough, I hope, to help her out with an apology, and to lay the blame on Stars, or Destiny, or what you please to excuse the frailty of a Woman.

Lor. O, I love an easie Woman: there's such a doe to crack a thick shell'd Mistress; we break our teeth and find no kernel. 'Tis generous in you to take pity on a Stranger; and not to suffer him to fall into ill hands at his first arrival.

Elv. You may have a better opinion of me than I deserve; you have not seen me yet, and therefore I am confident you are heart whole.

Lor. Not absolutely slain, I must confess; but I am drawing on apace: you have a dangerous tongue in your head, I can tell you that; and if your eyes prove of as killing metal, there's but one way with me. Let me see you, for the safeguard of my honour: 'tis but decent the Cannon should be drawn down upon me, before I yield.

Elv. What a terrible Similitude have you made, Colonel, to shew that you are inclining to the Wars? I could answer you with another in my profession: Suppose you were in want of money, wou'd you not be glad to take a sum upon content in a seal'd bag, without peeping?—but however, I will not stand with you for a sample.

[Lifts up her Veil.]

Lor. What eyes were there! how keen their glances! you do well to keep 'em veil'd; they are too sharp to be trusted out o'th' scabbard.

Elv. Perhaps now you may accuse my forwardness; but this day of Jubile is the only time of freedom I have had; and there is nothing so extravagant as a Prisoner, when he gets loose a little, and is immediately to return into his fetters.

Lor. To confess freely to you, Madam, I was never in love with less than your whole Sex before; but now I have seen you, I am in the direct road of languishing and sighing; and, if Love goes on as it begins, for ought I know, by to-morrow morning you may

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I do not l
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Oh, Si
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me.

Lor. I hate a
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ers, call'd M
Elv. I can
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Lor. Then y
Elv. If a c
a Husband
Lor. Three
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Enter E

Elv. *[aside]*
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Lor. This
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anker Gom
he.—
To Gomez.]

hear of me in Rhyme and Sonnet. I tell you
I do not like these symptoms in my self: perhaps
I go shufflingly at first, for I was never before
in trammels; yet I shall drudge and moil at con-
stant, till I have worn off the hitching in my pace.
Oh, Sir, there are arts to reclaim the wildest
as there are to make Spaniels fetch and carry;
feed 'em often, and feed 'em seldom. Now I know
your temper, you may thank your self if you are kept
hard meat: — you are in for years if you make love
to me.

Lor. I hate a formal Obligation with an *Anno Domini*
and don't: there may be an evil meaning in the word
marriage, call'd Matrimony.

Elv. I can easily rid you of that fear: I wish I could
my self as easily of the bondage.

Lor. Then you are married?

Elv. If a covetous, and a jealous, and an old Man
a Husband.

Lor. Three as good qualities for my purpose as I could
wish: now Love be prais'd.

Enter Elvira's Duenna, and whispers to her.

Elv. [*aside*] If I get not home before my Husband,
he will be ruin'd. [*to him.*]

He will not stay to tell you where — farewell — cou'd I
see more — [*Exit Elvira.*]

Lor. This is unconscionable dealing; to be made a
fool, and not know whose livery I wear: — Who have
you yonder?

Enter Gomez.

That shamling in his walk, it should be my rich old
banker Gomez, whom I knew at *Barcelona*: As I live
in he. —

[*Gomez.*] What, Old *Mammon* here?

B 5

Gom.

Gom. How! Young Beelzebub!

Lor. Wat Devil has set his claws in thy hanches, and brought thee hither to *Saragoſſa*? Sure he meant a farther journey with thee.

Gom. I always remove before the Enemy: when the *Moors* are ready to beſiege one Town, I ſhift quarters to the next: I keep as far from the Infidels as I can.

Lor. That's but a hair's breadth at fartheſt.

Gom. Well, You have got a famous victory; all true Subjects are overjoy'd at it: there are Bonfires decreed: and if the times had not been hard, my billet ſhould have burnt too.

Lor. I dare ſay for thee, thou haſt ſuch a reſpect for a ſingle billet, thou wou'd'ſt almoſt have thrown on thy ſelf to ſave it: thou art for ſaving every thing but thy Soul.

Gom. Well, well, you'll not believe me generous, till I carry you to the Tavern, and crack half a pint with you at my own charges.

Lor. No; I'll keep thee from hanging thy ſelf for ſuch an extravagance; and, inſtead of it thou ſhalt do me a meer verbal courteſie: I have juſt now ſeen a moſt incomparable young Lady.

Gom. Where about did you ſee this moſt incomparable young Lady? My mind miſgives me plagiully.

[*Aſide.*]

Lor. Here Man; juſt before this corner houſe: Pray Heaven it prove no Bawdy-houſe

Gom. [*Aſide.*] Pray Heaven he does not make it one.

Lor. What, doſt thou mutter to thy ſelf? Haſt thou any thing to ſay againſt the honeſty of that houſe?

Gom. Not I, Colonel, the walls are very honeſt ſtone, the timber very honeſt wood, for ought I know. But for the Woman, I cannot ſay till I know her better: deſcribe her perſon, and, if ſhe live in this quarter, I may give you tidings of her.

Lor. She's of a middle ſtature, dark colour'd hair,

the

the most bewitching leer with her eyes, the most ro-
with cast; her cheeks are dimpled when she smiles; and
her smiles would tempt a Hermit.

Gom. [*Aside.*] I am dead, I am buried, I am
buried—Go on Colonel—have you no other marks of
her?

Lor. Thou hast all her marks; but that she has an
husband; a jealous, covetous old huncks: speak, canst
you tell me news of her?

Gom. Yes, this news, Colonel, that you have seen
your last of her.

Lor. If thou help'st me not to the knowledge of
her, thou art a circumcised Jew.

Gom. Circumcise me no more than I circumcise you,
Colonel *Hernando*: once more you have seen your last
of her.

Lor. [*Aside.*] I am glad he knows me only by that
name of *Hernando*, by which I went at *Barcelona*: now
he can tell no tales of me to my Father.

[*to him.*] Come, thou wert ever good natur'd, when
thou could'st get by't: Look here, Rogue, 'tis of the
right damning colour: — thou art not proof against
gold, sure! — do not I know thee for a covetous.—

Gom. Jealous, old huncks: those were the marks of
your Mistress's Husband, as I remember, Colonel.

Lor. Oh, the Devil! What a Rogue in understanding
was I, not to find him out sooner? [*aside.*]

Gom. Do, do, look fillily, good Colonel: 'tis a
decent melancholy after an absolute defeat.

Lor. Faith, not for that, dear Gomez; —but,—

Gom. But—no pumping, my dear Colonel.

Lor. Hang pumping; I was—thinking a little upon
a point of gratitude: we two have been long acquaint-
ance; I know thy merits, and can make some interest:
go to, thou wert born to Authority: I'll make thee
Alcaide Major of Sarragozza.

Gom. Satisfie your self; you shall not make me what
you think, Colonel.

Lor.

Lor. Faith but I will, thou hast the face of a Magistrate already.

Gom. And you would provide me with a Magistrate's head to my Magistrate's Face; I thank you Colonel.

Lor. Come, thou art so suspicious upon an idle Story — that woman I saw, I mean, that little crooked, ugly woman (for t'other was a lye) — is no more thy Wife; as I'll go home with thee, and satisfy thee immediately, my dear Friend.

Gom. I shall not put you to that trouble: no not so much as a single visit; not so much as an Embassy by a civil old Woman; nor a Serenade of *Twinkledum, Twinkledum*, under my windows. Nay, I will advise you, out of my tenderness to your person, that you walk not near yon corner house by night; for to my certain knowledge, there are Blunderbusses planted in every loop-hole, that go off constantly of their own accord, at the squeaking of a Fiddle, and the thrumming of a Ghittar.

Lor. Art thou so obstinate? then I denounce open War against thee: I'll demolish thy Citadel by force; or, at least, I'll bring my whole Regiment upon thee: my thousand red Locusts that shall devour thee in Free-quarter. — Farewel wrought night-cap [Exit Lorenzo.

Gom. Farewel buff! Free-quarter for a Regiment of red coat Locusts? I hope to see 'em all in the red sea first! — But oh, this *Jezabel* of mine! I'll get a Physician that shall prescribe her an ounce of *Camphire* every Morning for her breakfast, to abate incontinency: she shall never peep abroad, no not to Church for Confession; & for never going she shall be condemn'd for a Heretick: she shall have stripes by Troy weight, and sustenance by drachms and scruples: Nay, I'll have a fasting Almanack printed on purpose for her use; in which,

No Carnival nor Christmas shall appear;
But Lents and Ember-weeks shall fill the Year.

[Exit Gomez.
ACT.

A C T. I I.

S C E N E I.

The Queen's Anti-Chamber.

Alphonso, Pedro.

A L P H O N S O.

When saw you my *Lorenzo*?

Ped. I had a glimpse of him; but he shot by me,

like a young Hound upon a burning scent:

is gone a Harlot-hunting.

(better.

Alph. His foreign breeding might have taught him

Ped. 'Tis that has taught him this.

that learn our Youth abroad but to refine

the homely vices of their native land?

are me an honest home-spun Country Clown.

your own growth; his dulness is but plain;

at their's embroider'd: they are sent out Fools,

and come back Fops

Alph. You know what reasons urg'd me;

at now I have accomplish'd my designs,

thou'd be glad he knew 'em.—his wild riots

disturb my Soul: but they wou'd sit more close,

and not the threaten'd down-fall of our House,

Torrismond, o'erwhelm my private ills.

Bertran attended; and whispering with a Courtier, aside.

Bertr. I wou'd not have her think he dar'd to love her;

1f

If he presume to own it, she's so proud
He tempts his certain ruin.

Alph. [to *Ped.*] Mark how disdainfully he throws his [eyes on us]
Our old imprison'd King wore no such looks.

Ped. O, wou'd the General shake off his dotage to the
usurping Queen,

And re inthrone good, venerable *Sancho*;
I'll undertake; shou'd *Bertran* sound his trumpets,
And *Torrismond* but whistle through his fingers,
He draws his Army off.

Alph. I told him so:
But had an answer louder than a storm.

Ped. Now plague and pox on his smock-loyalty!
I hate to see a brave bold fellow sotted,
Made sowre and senseless; turn'd to whey by love:
A driveling Hero fit for a Romance.
O, here he comes; what will their greeting be?

Enter Torrismond attended. Bertran & he meet and justle.

Bert. Make way, my Lords, and let the Pageant pass.
Torr. I make my way where-e'er I see my Foe:
But you, my Lord, are good at a retreat:
I have no *Moors* behind me.

Bert. Death and Hell!
Dare to speak thus when you come out again.
Tor. Dare to provoke me thus, insulting Man!

Enter Teresa.

Ter. My Lords, you are too loud so near the Queen:
You, *Torrismond*, have much offended her:
'Tis her command you instantly appear,
To answer your demeanour to the Prince.

Exit Teresa: Bertran, with his Company, follow her.

Tor. O *Pedro*, O *Alphonso*, pity me!
A grove of Pikes,
Whose polish'd steel from far severely shines,

Are

The Double Discovery.

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not so dreadful as this beauteous Queen.
[*Alph.* Call up your courage timely to your aid,
like a Lion press'd upon the toils,
on your Hunters: Speak your actions boldly;
there is a time when modest virtue is
woud to praise it self.
[*Bert.* Heart, you were hot enough; too hot but now;
your fury then boil'd upward to a foam;
since this message came, you sink and settle;
if cold water had been pour'd upon you.
[*Tor.* Alas, thou know'st not what it is to love!
then we behold an Angel, not to fear,
to be impudent: — no I'm resolv'd,
as a led victim, to my death I'll go;
dying, bless the hand that gave the blow. [*Exeunt.*

*SCENE draws, and shews the Queen
sitting in state; Bertran standing next
her; then Teresa, &c.*

She rises, and comes to the front.

Qu. to Bert [I blame not you, my Lord: my Father's Will
our own deserts, and all my People's voice,
have plac'd you in the view of sovereign pow'r:
but I wou'd learn the cause, why *Torrismond*,
within my Palace walls, within my hearing,
almost within my sight, affronts a Prince
who shortly shall command him.

Bert. He thinks you owe him more than you can pay;
and looks as he were Lord of human-kind.

*Enter Torrismond, Alphonso, Pedro. Torrismond bows
low, then looks earnestly on the Queen, and keeps at distance.*

Teresa. Madam, the General. —

Queens.

Queen. Let me view him well.
 My father sent him early to the frontiers;
 I have not often seen him; if I did,
 He pass'd unmark'd by my unheeding eyes.
 But where's the fierceness, the disdainful pride,
 The haughty port, the fiery arrogance?
 By all these marks, this is not sure the Man.

Bert. Yet this is he who fill'd your Court with tumult
 Whose fierce demeanour, and whose insolence
 The patience of a God cou'd not support.

Qu. Name his offence, my Lord, and he shall have
 Immediate punishment.

Bert. 'Tis of so high a nature, should I speak it,
 That my presumption then wou'd equal his.

Qu. Some one among you speak.

Ped. [*Aside.*] Now my tongue itches.

Qu. All dumb! on your Allegiance, *Torrismond*,
 By all your hopes, I do command you, speak.

Tor. [*kneeling.*] O seek not to convince me of a crime
 Which I can ne'er repent, nor can you pardon.
 Or if you needs will know it, think, oh think,
 That he, who thus commanded dares to speak,
 Unless commanded, wou'd have dy'd in silence.
 But you adjur'd me, Madam, by my hopes!
 Hopes I have none, for I am all despair:
 Friends I have none, for Friendship follows Favour:
 Desert I've none, for what I did was duty:
 Oh, that it were! that it were duty all! —

Qu. Why do you pause? proceed.

Tor. As one condemn'd to leap a precipice,
 Who sees before his eyes the depth below,
 Stops short, and looks about for some kind shrub
 To break his dreadful fall — so I; —
 But whither am I going? if to death,
 He looks so lovely sweet in beauteous pomp,
 He draws me to his dart. — I dare no more.

Bert. He's mad beyond the cure of *Hellebore*.
 Whips, darkness, dungeons, for this insolence. —

Ter. Mad as I am, I yet know when to bear —

Qu. You're both too bold. You, *Torrismond*, withdraw:

Teach you all, what's owing to your Queen.

For you, my Lord, —

The Priest to-morrow was to join our hands;

Try if I can live a day without you.

So both of you depart; and live in peace.

Alph. Who knows which way she points?

Doubling and turning like a hunted Hare.

Find out the meaning of her mind who can.

Red. Who ever found a Woman's? backward & forward,

The whole Sex in every word. In my conscience when

He was getting, her Mother was thinking of a Riddle.

[*Exeunt all but the Queen and Teresa.*]

Qu. Haste, my *Teresa*, haste, and call him back.

Tere. Whom, Madam?

Qu. Him.

Tere. Prince *Bertran*?

Qu. Torrismond.

There is no other he.

Ter. [*Aside*] A rising Sun,

And I am much deceiv'd.

[*Exit. Teresa.*]

Qu. A change so swift what heart did ever feel?

Truth'd upon me like a mighty stream,

And bore me in a moment far from shore.

I lov'd away my self; in one short hour,

Already am I gone an Age of passion.

Was it his youth, his valour, or success;

These might perhaps be found in other Men.

It was that respect; that awful homage pay'd me;

That fearful Love which trembled in his eyes,

And with a silent earthquake shook his Soul.

But when he spoke, what tender words he said?

So softly, that like flakes of feather'd snow,

They melted as they fell —

*Enter Teresa, with Torrismond.**Tere.* He waits your pleasure.*Qu.* 'Tis well; retire — Oh Heavens, that I might speak

So distant from my heart —

To Tor.) How now, what boldness brings you back again?*Tor.* I heard 'twas your command.*Qu.* A fond mistake,

To credit so unlikely a command.

And you return full of the same presumption
T'affront me with your love?*Tor.* If 'tis presumption for a Wretch condemn'd
To throw himself beneath his Judge's feet;
A boldness, more than this, I never knew;
Or if I did, 'twas only to your Foes.*Qu.* You wou'd insinuate your past services;
And those, I grant, were great: but you confess
A fault committed since, that cancels all.*Tor.* And who cou'd dare to disavow his crime,
When that, for which he is accus'd and seiz'd,
He bears about him still? My eyes confess it;
My every action speaks my heart aloud.But, oh, the madness of my high attempt
Speaks louder yet! and all together cry,
I love, and I despair.*Qu.* Have you not heard,
My Father, with his dying voice, bequeath'd
My Crown and me to *Betran*? And dare you,
A private Man, presume to love a Queen?*Tor.* That, that's the wound! I see you set so high,
As no desert, or services can reach.
Good Heav'ns, why gave you me a Monarch's Soul,
And crusted it with base plebeian clay?
Why gave you me desires of such extent,
And such a span to grasp 'em? Sure my Lot,

some o'er-
Fate's eter-
nd like a
round the
Qu. Yet,
I may give
Tor. I cann
Qu. [*Asia*
Tor. There
being mad
me indulg
d, since y
greater, g
Qu. Thei
m *Betran*
ay they tho
like the lo
t, that I
bsolute de
Tor. Am
ath, take
at when n
are this on
d so decei
Qu. Wha
that wou'd
your mis
Tor. A T
ad all my
Qu. We
you of R
Tor. Wha
ay was no
om a long
ore! wha
hen Gold
Qu. [*Sig*
Tor. M

The Double Discovery.

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some o'er-hasty Angel was misplac'd
Fate's eternal volume! — But I rave,
and like a giddy Bird, in dead of night,
round the fire that scorches me to death.

Qu. Yet, *Torrismond*, you've not so ill deserv'd,
I may give you counsel for your cure.

Tor. I cannot, nay, I wish not to be cur'd.

Qu. [*Aside.*] Nor I, Heav'n knows!

Tor. There is a pleasure sure
being mad, which none but Mad-men know!
Let me indulge it: let me gaze for ever!
And, since you are too great to be belov'd,
be greater, greater yet; and be ador'd.

Qu. These are the words which I must only hear
from *Bertran's* mouth; they shou'd displease from you:
they they shou'd; but Women are so vain,
like the love, though they despise the Lover.
That, that I may not send you from my sight
absolute despair—I pity you.

Tor. Am I then pity'd! I have liv'd enough!
Death, take me in this moment of my joy!
When my Soul is plung'd in long oblivion,
ere this one thought, let me remember Pity;
and so deceiv'd, think all my life was blest'd.

Qu. What if I add a little to my alms?
That wou'd help, I cou'd cast in a tear
to your misfortunes. —

Tor. A Tear! You have o'erbid all my past sufferings,
and all my future too!

Qu. Were I no Queen—
of Royal blood—

Tor. What have I lost by my Fore-father's fault?
Why was not I the twentieth by descent
from a long restive Race of droning Kings?
Ove! what a poor omnipotence hast thou
When Gold and titles buy thee?

Qu. [*Sighs.*] Oh, my torture! —

Tor. Might I presume; but oh, I dare not hope

That sigh was added to your alms for me !

Qu. I give you leave to guess ; and not forbid you
To make the best construction for your love.
Be secret and discreet ; these fairy favours
Are lost when not conceal'd ; — provoke not *Bertran*. —
Retire : I must no more but this, — Hope, *Torrismond*. —

[*Exit Queen*]

Tor. She bids me hope ; oh Heav'ns ! she pities me !
And pity still fore-runs approaching love,
As Lightning does the Thunder ! Tune your Harps,
Ye Angels, to that sound ; and thou my heart,
Make room to entertain thy flowing joy.
Hence all my griefs, and every anxious care :
One word, and one kind glance, can cure despair.

[*Ex. Tor*]

SCENE, *A Chamber.*

A Table and Wine set out.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. This may hit, 'tis more than barely possible : for
Fryars have free admittance into every house. This *Y*
cobin, whom I have sent to, is her Confessor ; and when I am no
can suspect a Man of such reverence for a Pimp ? The
Church they say is an indulgent Mother. I'll try for
once how indulgent she will be to a carnal son of her
I'll bribe him high : for commonly none love money
better than they who have made a Vow of Poverty.

Enter Servant.

Serv. There's a huge fat religious Gentleman coming
up, Sir ; he say he's but a Fryar, but he's big enough
to be a Pope : his gills are as rosie as a Turkey-Cock ; his
great belly walks in state before him like an Harbinger

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his gouty legs come limping after it: Never was such
an of devotion seen.

orbid you Lor. Bring him in, and vanish. [Exit Servant.

Enter Father Dominic.

Bertran.—
Torrismond Lor. Welcome, Father.

Exit Queen Dom. Peace be here: I thought I had been sent for
a dying Man; to have fitted him for another World.

Lor. No Faith, Father, I was never for taking such
journeys. Repose your self, I beseech you Sir,
those spindle legs of yours will carry you to the next
air.

Dom I am old, I am infirm I must confess, with
aging.

[Ex. Tor. Lor. 'Tis a sign by your wan complexion, and your
jowls, Father. Come, to our better acquaint-
ance:—here's a sovereign remedy for old age and for-
getfulness.

Dom. The looks of it are indeed alluring: I'll do you
honour. [Drinks.

Lor. Is it to your palate, Father? [Drinks.

Dom. Second thoughts, they say, are best: I'll con-
sider of it once again. (Drinks.

possible: for as a most delicious flavour with it

e. This year and forgive me, I have forgotten to drink your health,
for; and when I am not us'd to be so unmannerly.

Pimp? The (Drinks again.

I'll try for Lor. No, I'll be sworn by what I see of you, you are
a son of heret:—To the bottom.—I warrant him a true Church-

love money.—Now Father, to our business, 'tis agreeable to
your calling; I intend to do an act of Charity.

Dom. And I love to hear of Charity; 'tis a comforta-
ble subject.

Lor. Being in the late Battle, in great hazard of my
life, I recommended my person to good St. Dominic.

big enough Dom. You could not have pitch'd upon a better; he's
a cock; his card: I never knew him fail his Votaries.

a Harbinger, C ; Lor.

Lor. Troth I e'en made bold to strike up a bargain with him, that if I 'scap'd with life and plunder, I would present some Brother of his Order with part of the booty taken from the Infidels, to be employ'd in charitable uses.

Dom. There you hit him: *St. Dominic* loves Charity exceedingly: that argument never fails with him.

Lor. The spoils were mighty; and I scorn to wrong him of a farthing. To make short my story, I enquired among the *Jacobins* for an Almoner, and the general Fame has pointed out your Reverence as the worthiest Man:—here are fifty good pieces in this purse.

Dom. How, fifty pieces? tis too much, too much in conscience.

Lor. Here; take 'em Father.

Dom. No, in troth, I dare not: do not tempt me to break my Vow of Poverty.

Lor. If you are modest, I must force you: for I am strongest.

Dom. Nay, if you compel me, there's no contending; but will you set your strength against a decrepit, poor old Man?

(Takes the Purse)
As I said, 'tis too great a bounty; but *St. Dominic* shall owe you another 'scape: I'll put him in mind of you.

Lor. If you please, Father, we will not trouble him till the next Battle. But you may do me a greater kindness, by conveying my prayers to a female Saint.

Dom. A female Saint! good now, good now, how your devotions jump with mine! I always lov'd the female Saints.

Lor. I mean a female, mortal, married woman Saint: Look upon the superscription of this Note; you know *Don Gomez* his Wife.

(Gives him a Letter)
Dom. Who, *Donna Elvira*? I think I have some reason: I am her ghostly Father.

Lor. I have some business of importance with her, which I have communicated in this paper; but her Husband is so horribly given to be jealous.

Dom.

up a bargain. *Dom.* Ho, jealous! he's the very quintessence of jealousy. he keeps no male creature in his house: and from broad he lets no Man come near her.

Lor. Excepting you, Father.

Dom. Me, I grant you: I am her Director and her guide in spiritual affairs. But he has his humours with him. too: for t'other day he called me false Apostle.

Lor. Did he so? that reflects upon you all: on my word, Father, that touches your copy-hold. If you would do a meritorious action, you might revenge the church's quarrel. — My Letter, Father—

Dom. Well, so far as a Letter, I will take upon me: what can I refuse to a Man so charitably given?

Lor. If you bring an answer back, that purse in your hand has a twin brother, as like him as ever he can look: there are fifty Pieces lie dormant in it, for more charities.

Dom. That must not be: not a farthing more upon my Priesthood. — But what may be the purport and meaning of this Letter, that I confess a little troubles me.

Lor. No harm, I warrant you.

Dom. Well, you are a charitable Man; and I'll take your word: my comfort is, I know not the contents, and so far I am blameless. But an answer you shall have; though not for the sake of your fifty pieces more: I have sworn not to take them: they shall not be altogether fifty: — your Mistress, — forgive me that I should call her your Mistress, I meant *Elvira*, she lives but at next door; I'll visit her immediately: but not a word more of the nine and forty Pieces. —

Lor. Nay, I'll wait on you down stairs. — Fifty pounds for the postage of a Letter! to send by the Church is certainly the dearest road in Christendom. (Exit.)

S C E N E, A Chamber,

Gomez, Elvira

Gom. Henceforth I banish flesh and wine: I'll have none stirring within these walls these twelve months.

Elv. I care not; the sooner I am starv'd the sooner I am rid of wedlock. I shall learn the knack to fast a-days; you have us'd me to fasting nights already.

Gom. How the Gipsy answers me! Oh, 'tis a most notorious Hilding!

Elv. [*crying.*] But was ever poor innocent creature so hardly dealt with, for a little harmless chat?

Gom. Oh! the impudence of this wicked Sex! Lascivious dialogues are innocent with you! (*pass'd?*)

Elv. Was it such a crime to enquire how the Battel

Gom. But that was not the business, Gentlewoman; you were not asking news of a battel past; you were engaging for a skirmish that was to come.

Elv. An honest Woman wou'd be glad to hear, that her honour was safe, and her Enemies were slain.

Gom. [*in her tone.*] And to ask if he were wounded in your defence; and in case he were, to offer your self to be his Chirurgion: — then you did not describe your husband to him, for a covetous, jealous, rich old huncks.

Elv. No, I need not he describes himself sufficiently: but in what dream did I do this?

Gom. You walk'd in your sleep, with your eyes broad open, at noon of day; and dreamt you were talking to the foresaid purpose with one Colonel *Hernando*. —

Elv. Who, dear Husband, who?

Gom. What the Devil have I said? You would have farther information, wou'd you?

Elv. No, but my dear little old Man, tell me now that I may avoid him for your sake.

Gom. Get you up into your Chamber, Cockatrice; and there immure your self: be confin'd, I say, during our Royal

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pleasure : But first, down on your marrow bones,
on your Allegiance; and make an acknowledgment
of your Offences; for I will have ample satisfaction.

(*Pulls her down.*)

Elv. I have done you no injury, and therefore I'll
make you no submission: But I'll complain to my Ghostly

Gom. Ay; there's your remedy: When you receive
indign punishment, you run with open mouth to your
Confessor; that parcel of holy guts and garbidge; he must
hackle you and moan you; but I'll rid my hands of his
ghostly Authority one day and make him
know he's the Son of a — (*sees him*) So; — } *Enter* }
sooner conjure, but the Devil's in the } *Dominic.* }

Dom. Son of a what, *Don Gomez*?

Gom. Why, a Son of a Church, I hope there's no harm
in that, Father.

Dom. I will lay up your words for you till time shall
try: and to-morrow I enjoin you to fast for penance.

Gom. (*Aside.*) There's no harm in that; she shall fast
too, fasting saves money.

Dom. (*to Elv.*) What was the reason that I found you
upon your knees, in that unseemly posture?

Gom. (*Aside*) O horrible! to find a Woman upon her
knees, he says, is an unseemly posture: there's a Priest
for you.

Elv. (*to Dom.*) I wish, Father, you wou'd give me
an opportunity of entertaining you in private: I have
somewhat upon my spirits that presses me exceedingly.

Dom. (*Aside*) This goes well: *Gomez*, stand you at
distance, — farther yet, — stand out of ear-shot — I
have somewhat to say to your Wife in private.

Gom. (*Aside*) Was ever Man thus Priest-ridden?
wou'd the steeple of his Church were in his belly, I am
sure there's room for it.

Elv. I am ashamed to acknowledge my infirmities;
but you have been always an indulgent Father; and there-

fore I will venture to — and yet I dare not. —

Dom. Nay, if you are bashful; — if you keep your wound from the knowledge of your Surgeon; —

Elv. You know my Husband is a Man in years; but he's my Husband, and therefore I shall be silent: but his humours are more intolerable than his age: he's grown so froward, so covetous, and so jealous, that he has turn'd my heart quite from him; and, if I durst confess it, has forc'd me to cast my affections on another Man.

Dom. Good: — hold, hold; I meant a bominable: — pray Heaven this be my Colonel.

Elv. I have seen this Man, Father; and have encourag'd his addresses: he's a young Gentleman, a Soldier, of a most winning carriage; and what his courtship may produce at last, I know not; but I am afraid of my own frailty.

Dom. [*Aside*] 'Tis he for certain: — she has sav'd the credit of my Function, by speaking first: now must I take gravity upon me.

Gom. (*Aside*) This whispering bodes me no good for certain; but he has me so plaguily under the lash, that I dare not interrupt him.

Dom. Daughter, Daughter, do you remember your matrimonial Vow?

Elv. Yes, to my sorrow, Father, I do remember it: a miserable Woman it has made me: but you know, Father, a Marriage Vow is but a thing of course, which all Women take when they wou'd get a Husband.

Dom. A Vow is a very solemn thing: and 'tis good to keep it: but, notwithstanding it may be broken, upon some occasions. — Have you striven with all your might against this frailty?

Elv. Yes I have striven; but I found it was against the stream. Love, you know, Father, is a great Vow-maker; but he's a greater Vow-breaker.

Dom. 'Tis your duty to strive always: but, notwithstanding when we have done our utmost, it extenuates the sin.

Gom. I can see you are confident, hypocritical, bed of nettles.

Dom. Hold, will you forgive me? 'Tis a well-known story.

Dom. I know it, a most delicious story of me.

Dom. The young Gentleman must confess a lawful bewitching.

Elv. Ay, 'twou'd; and

Dom. And down: confess'd a Lover: you: I confess: other; but hands.

Elv. O

Gom. V

Dom. V

Dom. V

Dom. V

Dom. V

Dom. V

Dom. V

Dom. V

Dom. V

Dom. V

Dom. V

Gem. I can hold no longer. — Now, Gentlewoman, you are confessing your enormities; I know it by that hypocritical, down cast look: enjoin her to sit bare upon bed of nettles, Father; you can do no less in conscience.

Dom. Hold your peace; are you growing malapert? Will you force me to make use of my authority? your wife's a well-dispos'd and a vertuous Lady. I say it, *in verbo Sacerdotis.*

Elv. I know not what to do, Father; I find myself in a most desperate condition; and so is the Colonel for want of me.

Dom. The Colonel, say you! I wish it be not the same young Gentleman I know: 'Tis a gallant young Man, I must confess, worthy of any Lady's love in Christendom; in a lawful way I mean: of such a charming behaviour, so bewitching to a Woman's eye, and furthermore, so charitably given; by all good tokens, this must be my Colonel *Hernando.*

Elv. Ay, and my Colonel too, Father: I am overjoy'd; and are you then acquainted with him?

Dom. Acquainted with him! why he haunts me up and down: and I am afraid, it is for love of you: for he press'd a Letter upon me, within this hour, to deliver to you: I confess, I receiv'd it lest he shou'd send it by some other; but with full resolution never to put it into your hands.

Elv. Oh, dear Father, let me have it, or I shall die.

Gem. Whispering still! A pox of your close Committee! I'll listen I'm resolv'd. *(steals nearer.)*

Dom. Nay, If you are obstinately bent to see it, — use your discretion; but for my part, I wash my hands on't. — What make you listening there? get farther off; I preach not to thee, thou wicked Eves dropper.

Elv. I'll kneel down, Father, as if I were taking Absolution, if you'll but please to stand before me.

Dom. At your peril be it then, I have told you the ill consequences, *et liberavi animam meam* — Your reputation is in danger, to say nothing of your Soul. Notwithstanding,

standing, when the spiritual means have been apply'd, and fails: in that case the carnal may be us'd — You are a tender Child; you are; and must not be put into despair: your heart is as soft and melting as your hand.

[*He strokes her face; takes her by the hand; and gives the Letter.*

Gom. Hold, hold, Father; you go beyond your Commission: Palming is always held foul play amongst Gamesters.

Dom. Thus, good intentions are misconstrued by wicked Men: you will never be warn'd, till you are excommunicate.

Gom. (*Aside.*) Ah, Devil on him; there's his hold! If there were no more in Excommunication than the Church's censure, a wise Man would lick his Conscience whole with a wet finger: but, if I am excommunicate, I am outlaw'd; and then there's no calling in my money.

Elv. (*rising*) I have read the note, Father, and will send him an answer immediately; for I know his Lodgings by his Letter.

Dom. I understand it not, for my part: but I wish your intentions be honest. Remember, that Adultery, though it be a silent sin, yet it is a crying sin also. Nevertheless, if you believe absolutely he will die, unless you pity him, to save a Man's life is a point of charity; and actions of charity do alleviate, as I may say, and take off from the mortality of the sin. Farewel, Daughter. — *Gomez*, cherish your vertuous Wife; and thereupon I give you my Benediction. (*Going.*)

Gom. Stay; I'll conduct you to the door, — that I may be sure you steal nothing by the way — Fryars wear not their long sleeves for nothing. Oh, 'tis a *Judas Iscariot*.

(*Exit after the Fryar.*)

Elv. This Fryar is a comfortable Man! He will understand nothing of the business; and yet does it all.

*Pray, Wives and Virgins, at your time of need,
For a true Guide, of my good Father's breed.*

(*Exit Elvira.*)

A C T.



Lorenzo

Father I
Man?

Dom. It
Lor. No
my holiness

Dom. V
On what o
Lor. Lo
into a Tow
have had a
you.

Dom. Y
I am a Fry

Lor. O
are ready

Dom.

Lor. 'T
fornication
and I'll tr
evil Coun
dispos'd to

Dom.

away up

ah —

Lor. F

A T C. I I I.

SCENE The Street.

Lorenzo, in Fryar's habit, meeting Dominic.

L O R E N Z O.

Father *Dominic*, Father *Dominic*; Why in such haste
Man?

Dom. It shou'd seem a Brother of our Order.

Lor. No, Faith, I am only your Brother in iniquity:
my holiness, like your's, is meer out-side.

Dom. What! my noble Colonel in Metamorphosis!
On what occasion are you transform'd?

Lor. Love; Almighty Love; that which turn'd *Jupiter*
into a Town-Bull, has transform'd me into a Fryar. I
have had a letter from *Elvira*, in answer to that I sent by
you.

Dom. You see I have deliver'd my message faithfully:
I am a Fryar of Honour where I am engag'd.

Lor. O, I understand your hint: the other fifty Pieces
are ready to be condemn'd to charity.

Dom. But this habit, Son, this habit!

Lor. 'Tis a habit that in all Ages has been friendly to
fornication: You have begun the design in this cloathing,
and I'll try to accomplish it. The Husband is absent; that
evil Counsellor is remov'd, and the Sovereign is graciously
dispos'd to hear my grievances.

Dom. Go to; go to; I find good counsel is but thrown
away upon you: Fare you well, fare you well, Son:
ah—

Lor. How! will you turn recreant at the last cast? You
must

must along to contenance my undertaking: We are at the door Man.

Dom. Well, I have thought on't; and I will not go.

Lor. You may stay, Father; but no fifty Pound without it: that was only promis'd in the Bond: but the condition of this Obligation is such, that if the above named Father, Father *Dominic*, do not well and faithfully perform—

Dom. Now I better think on't, I will bear you company; for the reverence of my presence may be a curb to your exorbitancies.

Lor. Lead up your Myrmidon, and enter. (*Exit*

Enter Elvira, in her Chamber.

Elv. He'll come that's certain: young appetites are sharp; and seldom need twice bidding to such a Banquet—well; if I prove frail, as I hope I shall not, till I have compass'd my design; never Woman had such a Husband to provoke her, such a Lover to allure her, or such a Confessor to absolve her. Of what am I afraid then? Not my Conscience, that's safe enough; my ghostly Father has given it a dose of Church opium, to lull it: well, for soothing sin, I'll say that for him, he's a Chaplain for any Court in Christendom.

Enter Lorenzo and Dominic.

O, Father *Dominic*, what News? How, a Companion with you? What game have you in hand, that you hunt in couples?

Lor. (*lifting up his hood.*) I'll shew you that immediately.

Elv. O, my Love!

Lor. My Life!

Elv. My Soul!

Dom. I am taken on the sudden with a grievous swimming in my head, and such a mist before my eyes, that

I can neither
Elv. Stay,

Dom. No,
I'll take
I trust you

Elv. This is
down in the
cannot see: for
is but a poor

Lor. 'Tis not
you see, Ma
teaches again
holds his tongue

his silence
principles of
ate: no more
tion must be

then a Church
ack Bishop
ack, with
full.

Elv. And

Lor. Oh
neglect the

Elv. Do
ere? if you
we not at

Lor. Na
why we are
together to

very nigger
like a hare
udden, a

a twink

Elv. W
me? You
tricking tw

I can neither hear nor see.

Elv. Stay, and I'll fetch you some comfortable water.

Dom. No, no; nothing but the open air will do me

good. I'll take a turn in your garden: but remember

I trust you both, and do not wrong my good opinion

of you. *(Exit Dominic.)*

Elv. This is certainly the dust of Gold which you have
brown in the good Man's eyes, that on the sudden he
cannot see: for my mind misgives me, this sickness of
his is but apocryphal!

Lor. 'Tis no qualm of Conscience, I'll be sworn:
you see, Madam, 'tis interest governs all the world: he
preaches against Sin; why? because he gets by't: he
holds his tongue; why? because so much more is bidden
in his silence. 'Tis but giving a man his price, and
the principles of Church are bought off as easily as they are in
state: no man will be a Rogue for nothing, but compen-
sation must be made; so much Gold for so much honesty.
Then a Church man will break the rules of Chastity; for the
black Bishop will skip into the white, & the white into the
black, without considering whether the remove be
awfull.

Elv. And so much for the Fryar.

Lor. Oh, those eyes of your's reproach me justly, that
neglect the subject which brought me hither.

Elv. Do you consider the hazard I have run to see you
here? if you do, methinks it shou'd inform you, that I
love not at a common rate.

Lor. Nay, if you talk of considering, let us consider
why we are alone. Do you think the Fryar left us
together to tell beads? Love is a kind of penurious God,
very niggardly of his opportunities: he must be watch'd
like a hard hearted Treasurer; for he bolts out on the
sudden, and if you take him not in the nick, he vanishes
in a twinkling.

Elv. Why do you make such haste to have done loving
me? You men are all like Watches, wound up for
striking twelve immediately; but after you are satisfied,
the

the very next that follows is the solitary sound of a single one

Lor. How, Madam! Do you invite me to a feast, and then preach abstinence?

Elv. No, I invite you to a feast where the dishes are serv'd up in order: you are for making a hasty meal, and for chopping up your entertaiment, like a hungry Clown: trust my management, good Colonel; and care not for your desert too soon: believe me, that which comes last, as it is the sweetest, so it cloies the soonest.

Lor. I perceive, Madam, by your holding me at the distance, that there is somewhat you expect from me: what am I to undertake or suffer ere I can be happy?

Elv. I must first be satisfied that you love me.

Lor. By all that's holy: By these dear eyes.

Elv. Spare your Oaths and Protestations; I know your Gallants of the time have a mint at your tongue's end to coin them.

Lor. You know you cannot marry me: but, by Heavens, if you were in a condition. —

Elv. Then you would not be so prodigal of your promises, but have the fear of Matrimony before your eyes. In few words, if you love me as you profess, deliver me from this bondage; take me out of *Egypt*, and I'll wander with you as far as Earth, and Seas, and Love can carry us.

Lor. I never was out at a mad frolick, though this is the maddest I ever undertook: have with you, Lady mine; I take you at your word; and if you are for a merry jaunt, I'll try for once who can foot it farthest: there are hedges in Summer, and barns in Winter to be found: I with my knapsack, and you with your bottle at your back: we'll leave Honour to Madmen, and Riches to Knaves; and travel till we come to the ridge of the world, and then drop together into the next.

Elv. Give me your hand, and strike a bargain.

(*He takes her hand, and kisses it.*)

Lor. In sign and token whereof the Parties inter-

changeably,

and of a fine changeably, and so forth—When should I be weary of
telling upon this soft wax?

to a feast, and Elv. O Heaven! I hear my Husband's voice.

Enter Gomez.

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Gom. Where are you, Gentlewoman? There's some-
ing in the wind I'm sure, because your Woman would
erun up stairs before me: but I have secur'd her below
th a gag in her chaps—now, in the Devil's name,
at makes this Fryar here again? I do not like these
quent conjunctions of the Flesh and Spirit; they are
ing

Elv. Go hence, good Father; my Husband, you see,
an ill humour; and I would not have you witness of
folly. (Lorenzo going.)

Gom. (running to the door) By your Reverence's favour,
ld a little, I must examine you something better
ore you go: Hey day! who have we here? Father
minic is shrunk in the wetting two yards and a half
out the belly: what is become of those two timber-
gs that he us'd to wear for legs, that stood strutting
e the two black posts before a door? I am afraid some
body has been setting him over a fire in a great
aldron, and boil'd him down half the quantity for a
receipt. This is no Father *Dominic*, no huge overgrown
by-lubber; this is but a diminutive sucking Fryar:
sure as a gun now Father *Dominic* has been spawning
a young slender Anti-christ.

Elv. (*Aside*) He will be found; there's no prevention.

Gom. Why do's he not speak? What! Is the Fryar
ill'd with a dumb Devil? if he be, I shall make bold
conjure him.

Elv. He's but a Novice in his Order, and is injoin'd
ence for a penance.

Gom. A Novice, quotha; You would make a Novice
ime too, if you could: but, what was his business
e: Answer me that, Gentlewoman, answer me that.

D

Elv.

Elv. What shou'd it be, but to give me some spiritual instructions?

Gom. Very good; and you are like to edifie much from a dumb Preacher; this will not pass; I must examine the contents of him a little closer; O thou Confessor! confess who thou art, or thou art no Fryar of this world
[*He comes to Lorenzo, who struggles with him; his habit flies open, and discovers a sword: Gomez starts back.*
As I live, this is a manifest member of the Church militant

Lor. [*Aside*] I am discover'd; now impudence be my refuge — Yes, Faith 'tis I, honest *Gomez*, thou seest I use thee like a Friend; this is a familiar visit.

Gom. What! Colonel *Hernando* turn'd a Fryar! who could have suspected you for so much godliness?

Lor. E'en as thou seest, I make bold here.

Gom. A very frank manner of proceeding: but I do not wonder at your visit, after so friendly an invitation as I made you: marry, I hope you will excuse the Blunderbusses for not being in readiness to salute you; but let me know your hour, and all shall be mended another time.

Lor. Hang it; I hate such ripping up of old unkindness: I was upon the frolick this evening, and came to visit thee in masquerade.

Gom. Very likely; and not finding me at home, you were forc'd to toy away an hour with my Wife, or so.

Lor. Right: thou speak'st my very Soul.

Gom. Why, am not I a Friend then, to help you out? you wou'd have been fumbling half an hour for this excuse — But, as I remember, you promis'd to storm my Citadel, and bring your Regiment of red Locusts upon me for free-quarter: I find, Colonel, by your habit, there are black Locusts in the world as well as red.

Elv. (*Aside.*) When comes my share of the reckoning to be call'd for?

Lor. Give me thy hand; Thou art the honestest,

kind Man;

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Gom. N

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kind Man; I was resolv'd I wou'd not out of thy house till I had seen thee.

Gom. No, in my conscience, if I had staid abroad till midnight. But Colonel, you and I shall talk in another place hereafter; I mean, in cold friendship, at a Bar, before a Judge, by the way of Plaintiff and Defendant; your excuses want some grains to make 'em current: hum and ha will not do the business—There's a modest Lady of your acquaintance, she has so much grace to make none at all, but silently to confess the power of Dame Nature working in her body to youthful appetite.

Elv. How he got in I know not, unless it were by virtue of his habit.

Gom. Ay, ay, the virtues of that habit are known abundantly.

Elv. I cou'd not hinder his entrance, for he took me unprovided.

Gom. To resist him.

Elv. I'm sure he has not been here above a quarter of an hour.

Gom. And a quarter of that time wou'd have serv'd the turn: O thou epitome of thy vertuous sex! Madam *Messalina* the second, retire to thy apartment: I have an assignation there to make with thee.

Elv. I am all obedience—

(*Exit Elvira.*)

Lor. I find *Gomez*, you are not the Man I thought you: we may meet before we come to the Bar, we may; and our differences may be decided by other weapons than by Lawyer's tongues; in the mean time, no ill treatment of your Wife, as you hope to die a natural death, and go to Hell in your bed: *Bilbo* is the word, remember that, and tremble—

(*He's going out.*)

Enter Dominic.

Dom. Where is this naughty couple? where are you, in the name of goodness? my mind misgave me; and I durst trust you no longer with your selves: here will be

fine work, I'm afraid, at your next confession.

Lor. (Aside.) The Devil is punctual, I see, he has paid me the shame he ow'd me; and now the Fryar is coming in for his part too.

Dom. (seeing Gom.) Bless my eyes! what do I see?

Gom. Why, you see a Cuckold of this honest Gentleman's making: I thank him for his pains.

Dom. I confess I am astonish'd!

Gom. What, at a cuckoldom of your own contrivance! your head-piece and his limbs have done my business — Nay, do not look so strangely, remember your own words, Here will be fine work at your next confession. What naughty couple were they whom you durst not trust together any longer? when the hypocritical Rogue had trusted 'em a full quarter of an hour; and, by the way, horns will sprout in less time than mushrooms.

Dom. Beware how you accuse one of my Order upon light suspicions: the naughty couple that I meant, were your Wife and you, whom I left together with great almosities on both sides: now, that was the occasion, mark me *Gomez*, that I thought it convenient to return again, and not to trust your enraged spirits too long together: you might have broken out into revilings and matrimonial warfare, which are sins; and new sins make work for new Confessions.

Lor. [Aside.] Well said, I faith, Fryar; thou art come off thy self, but poor I am left in Limbo.

Gom. Angle in some other ford, good Father, you shall catch no Gudgeons here: look upon the Prisoner at the bar, Fryar, and inform the Court what you know concerning him: He is arraign'd here by the name of Colonel *Hernando*.

Dom. What Colonel do you mean, *Gomez*? I see no Man, but a Reverend Brother of our Order, whose Profession I honour, but whose person I know not, as I hope for Paradise.

Gom. No, you are not acquainted with him, the

more's

more's the pity; you do not know him, under this disguise, for the greatest Cuckold maker in all *Spain*.

Dom. O Impudence! O Rogue! O Villain! Nay, if he be such a Man, my righteous spirit rises at him! Does he put on holy garments for a covershame of lewdness?

Gom. Yes, and he's in the right on't, Father; when swinging sin is to be committed, nothing will cover it so close as a Fryar's hood: for there the Devil plays at bo-peep, puts out his horns to do a Mischief, and then links 'em back for safety, like a Snail into her shell.

Lor. (*Aside.*) It's best marching off while I can retreat with honour; there's no trusting this Fryar's conscience; he has renounc'd me already more heartily than e'er he did the Devil, and is in as fair way to prosecute me for putting on these holy Robes: this is the old Church trick; the Clergy is ever at the bottom of the plot, but they are wise enough to slip their own necks out of the collar, and leave the Laity to be fairly hang'd for it —

(*Exit Lorenzo.*)

Gom. Follow your Leader, Fryar, your Colonel is hop'd off; but he had not gone so easily, if I durst have invited you in the house behind me: gather up your gouty legs, I say, and rid my house of that huge Body of Divinity.

Dom. I expect some judgment shou'd fall upon you for your want of reverence to your spiritual Director: Greed, Covetousness, & Jealousie, will weigh thee down.

Gom. Put Pride, Hypocrisie, and Gluttony, into our scale, Father, and you shall weigh against me: for, as Sins come to be divided once, the Clergy puts for nine parts and scarce leaves the Laity a tythe.

Dom. How dar'st thou reproach the Tribe of *Levi*?

Gom. Marry, because you make us Lay men of the Tribe of *Issachar*: you make Asses of us to bear your burdens. When we are young you put paniers upon us, with your Church discipline; and, when we are grown old, you load us with a Wife. After that, you procure

for other Men, and then you load our Wives too. A fine phrase you have amongst you to draw us into Marriage; you call it settling of a Man; just as when a Fellow has got a sound knock upon the head, they say he's settled: Marriage is a settling blow indeed. They say every thing in the world is good for something; as a Toad, to suck up the venom of the earth; but I never knew what a Fryar was good for, till your pimping show'd me.

Dom. Thou shalt answer for this, thou Slanderer; thy offences be upon thy head

Gom. I believe there are some offences there of your planting. [Exit Dominic.]

Lord, Lord, that Men should have sense enough to set snares in their Warrens to catch Pole-cats & Foxes; & yet--

Want wit, a Priest-trap at their door to lay

For holy vermin that in houses prey. [Exit Gomez.]

SCENE *A Bed-Chamber.*

Queen, Teresa.

Ter. You are not what you were since yesterday:
Your food forsakes you, and your needful rest:
You pine, you languish, love to be alone;
Think much, speak little; and in speaking, sigh.
When you see *Torrismond*, you are unquiet;
But when you see him not, you are in pain.

Queen. O, let 'em never love, who never try'd!
They brought a paper to me to be sign'd;
Thinking on him, I quite forgot my name;
And writ, for *Leonora*, *Torrismond*.
I went to bed, and to my self I thought,
That I wou'd think on *Torrismond* no more:
Then shut my eyes; but cou'd not shut out him.
I turn'd, and try'd each corner of my bed,

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to find if sleep were there, but sleep was lost.
erish, for want of rest, I rose, and walk'd;
nd, by the Moon shine, to the windows went;
there, thinking to exclude him from my thoughts,
cast my eyes upon the neighbouring fields,
nd, e're I was aware, sigh'd to my self,
there fought my *Torrismond*.

Ter. What hinders you to take the Man you love?
The People will be glad, the Soldiers shout;
The old Kings party will despair, to find
A Prince whose courage can support the Throne.
nd *Bertran*, though repining, will be aw'd.

Qu. I fear to try new Love,
As Boys to venture on the unknown ice,
That crackles underneath 'em, while they slide.
Oh, how shall I describe this growing ill!
Betwixt my doubt and love methinks I stand
A'ring, like one that waits an Ague fit;
And yet, wou'd this were all!

Ter. What fear you more?

Qu. I am asham'd to say, 'tis but a fancy.
At break of day, when Dreams, they say, are true,
I drouzie slumber, rather than a sleep.
 seiz'd on my senses, with long watching worn.
Methought I stood on a wide River's bank,
Which I must needs o'erpass, but knew not how;
When, on a sudden *Torrismond* appear'd,
Gave me his hand, and led me lightly o'er;
Leaping and bounding on the billows heads,
Till safely we had reach'd the farther shore. [scape.

Ter. This dream portends some ill which you shall
You'd you see fairer visions; take this night
Tour *Torrismond* within your arms to sleep:
And, to that end, invent some apt pretence
To break with *Bertran*: 'twould be better yet,
Cou'd you provoke him to give you th' occasion,
And then to throw him off.

To

D 4

Enter

Enter Bertran at a distance.

Qu. My Stars have sent him :
For see he comes : how gloomily he looks !
If he, as I suspect, have found my love,
His jealousy will furnish him with fury,
And me with means to part.

Bert. [*Aside*] Shall I upbraid her? Shall I call her false?
If she be false, 'tis what she most desires.
My Genius whispers me, Be cautious, *Bertran*!
Thou walk'st as on a narrow mountain's neck,
A dreadful height, with scanty room to tread.

Qu. What business have you at the Court, my Lord?

Bert. What business, Madam?

Qu. Yes, my Lord, what business?
'Tis somewhat sure of weighty consequence
That brings you here so often and unsent for. [*enough*]

Bert. [*Aside*] 'Tis what I fear'd, her words are cold
To freeze a Man to death — May I presume
To speak, and to complain?

Qu. They who complain to Princes think 'em tame:
What Bull dare bellow, or what Sheep dares bleat,
Within the Lion's den?

Bert. Yet Men are suffer'd to put Heav'n in mind
Of promis'd blessings, for they then are debts.

Qu. My Lord, Heav'n knows its own time when to give;
But you, it seems, charge me with breach of Faith.

Bert. I hope I need not, Madam :
But as when Men in sickness lingring lie,
They count the tedious hours by months and years :
So every day deferr'd to dying Lovers
Is a whole age of pain.

Qu. What if I ne'er consent to make you mine?
My Father's promise ties me not to time
And Bonds, without a date, they say, are void.

Bert. Far be it from me to believe you bound :
Love is the freest motion of our minds.

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[*Aside.*]
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O, cou'd you see into my secret Soul,
There you might read your own dominion doubled,
Both as a Queen and Mistress. If you leave me,
Know I can die, but dare not be displeas'd.

Qu. Sure you affect stupidity, my Lord,
Or give me cause to think, that when you lost
Three Battels to the *Moors*, you coldly stood
As unconcern'd as now.

Bert. I did my best;
Fate was not in my power.

Qu. And with the like tame gravity you saw
A raw young Warriour take your baffled work,
And end it at a blow.

Bert. I humbly take my leave; but they who blast
Your good opinion of me, may have cause
To know I am no Coward. [He is going.]

Qu. Bertran, stay;
[*Aside*] This may produce some dismal consequence
To him whom dearer than my life I love.

[*To him*] Have I not manag'd my contrivance well,
To try your love, and make you doubt of mine?

Bert. Then was it but a trial?
Methinks I start as from some dreadful dream;
And often ask my self, if yet I wake
[*Aside.*] This turns too quick to be without design;
I'll sound the bottom of't e're I believe.

Qu. I find your love; and wou'd reward it too,
But anxious fears sollicit my weak breast:
I fear my People's faith:
That hot-mouth'd Beast that bears against the curb,
Hard to be broken even by lawful Kings;
But harder by Usurpers—
Judge then, my Lord, with all these cares oppress'd,
If I can think of Love.

Bert. Believe me, Madam,
These Jealousies, how ever large they spread,
Have but one root, the old, imprison'd King;
Whose lenity first pleas'd the gaping Crowd:

The Spanish Fryar: or,

But when long tried, and found supinely good,
Like *Æsop's* logg, they leapt upon his back.
Your Father knew 'em well; and when he mounted,
He rein'd 'em strongly, and he spurr'd them hard;
And, but he durst not do it all at once,
He had not left alive this patient Saint,
This anvil of affronts, but sent him hence,
To hold a peaceful branch of Palm above,
And hymn it in the Quire.

Qu. You've hit upon the very string, which touch'd
Echo; the sound, and jars within my soul:
There lies my grief.

Bert. So long as there's a head,
Thither will all the mounting Spirits fly;
Lop that but off; and then—

Qu. My virtue shrinks from such an horrid act.

Bert. This 'tis to have a virtue out of season.

Mercy is good; a very good dull virtue;
But Kings mistake it's timing; and are mild,
When manly courage bids 'em be severe.
Better be cruel once, than anxious ever.
Remove this threatening danger from your crown;
And then securely take the Man you love. [I love!

Qu. [walking aside.] Ha! let me think of that: The Man
'Tis true, this murder is the only means
That can secure my Throne to *Torrismond*.
Nay more, this execution done by *Bertran*,
Makes him the object of the People's hate.

Bert. [Aside.] The more she thinks, 'twill work the
stronger in her.

Qu. [Aside.] How eloquent is mischief to persuade!
Few are so wicked as to take delight
In crimes unprofitable; nor do I:
If then I break divine and humane laws,
No bribe but love cou'd gain so bad a cause.

Bert. You answer nothing!

Qu. 'Tis of deep concernment,
And! a Woman ignorant and weak:
I leave it all to you: think what you do,

You

You do for him I love.

Bert. [*Aside.*] For him she loves?
 She nam'd not me; that may be *Torrismond*,
 Whom she has thrice in private seen this day:
 Them I am fairly caught in my own snare.
 I'll think again—Madam, it shall be done;
 And mine be all the blame.

(*Exit Bertran.*)

Qu. O, that it were! I wou'd not do this crime,
 And yet, like Heaven, permit it to be done.
 The Priesthood grossly cheats us with free-will:
 Will to do what, but what Heaven first decreed?
 Our Actions then are neither good nor ill,
 Since from eternal causes they proceed.
 Our Passions, Fear and Anger, Love and Hate,
 Meer senseless engines that are mov'd by Fate;
 Like Ships on stormy seas without a Guide,
 Tost by the winds, and driven by the tide.

Enter *Torrismond*.

Tor. Am I not rudely bold; and press too often
 Into your presence, Madam? If I am—

Qu. No more; lest I shou'd chide you for your stay;
 Where have you been? and how cou'd you suppose
 That I cou'd live these two long hours without you?

Tor. O, words to charm an Angel from his Orb!
 Welcome, as kindly showers to long parch'd earth!
 But I have been in such a dismal place

Where joy ne'er enters, which the Sun ne'er cheers:
 Bound in with darkness, over spread with damps:

Where I have seen (if I cou'd say, I saw)
 The good old King, majestick in his bonds,
 And midst his griefs most venerably great,
 By a dim winking Lamp, which feebly broke
 The gloomy vapours; he lay stretch'd along
 Upon th' unwholsome earth, his eyes fix'd upward;
 And ever and anon a silent tear
 Stole down, and trickl'd from his hoary beard:

Qu.

You

Qu. O Heaven, what have I done! my gentle Love,
Here end thy sad discourse; and for my sake,
Cast off these fearful melancholy thoughts.

Tor. My heart is wither'd at that piteous sight,
As early blossoms are with eastern blasts:
He sent for me, and, while I rais'd his head,
He threw his aged arms about my neck;
And, seeing that I wept, he press'd me close:
So, leaning cheek to cheek, and eyes to eyes,
We mingled tears in a dumb scene of sorrow. (Soul.

Qu. Forbear: you know not how you wound my

Tor. Can you have grief, and not have pity too?
He told me, when my Father did return,
He had a wondrous secret to disclose.
He kiss'd me, bless'd me, nay, he call'd me Son:
He prais'd my courage, pray'd for my success.
He was so true a Father of his Country,
To thank me for defending ev'n his Foes,
Because they were his Subjects.

Qu. If they be; then what am I?

Tor. The Sovereign of my Soul, my earthly Heaven.

Qu. And not your Queen?

Tor. You are so beautiful,

So wondrous fair, you justify Rebellion:
As if that faultless face could make no sin,
But Heaven, with looking on it, must forgive.

Qu. The King must die, he must, my *Torrismond*;
Though pity softly plead within my soul,
Yet he must die, that I may make you great,
And give a Crown in dowry with my love.

Tor. Perish that Crown — on any head but your's; —
O, recollect your thoughts!
Shake not his hour glass, when his hasty sand
Is ebbing to the last:

A little longer, yet a little longer,
And Nature drops him down, without your sin.
Like mellow fruit, without a winter storm.

Qu. Let me but do this one injustice more:

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His doom is past ; and , for your sake , he dies.

gentle Love, *Tor.* Wou'd you , for me , have done so ill an act ,
and will not do a good one ?

ht, Now , by your joys on Earth , your hopes in Heaven ,
spare this great , this good , this aged King ;
and spare your Soul the crime !

: *Qu.* The crime's not mine ;
I was first propos'd , and must be done , by *Bertran* ,
led with false hopes to gain my Crown and me :

, to inhance his ruin , gave no leave ;
(Soul. at barely bade him think , and then resolve.

wound my *Tor.* In not forbidding , you command the crime ;
too ? think , timely think , on the last dreadful day ;

Son : Now will you tremble there to stand expos'd ,
and foremost in the rank of guilty Ghosts
that must be doom'd for Murther ? think on Murther.

that Troop is plac'd apart from common crimes ;
the damn'd themselves start wide , and shun that Band ,
as far more black , and more forlorn than they.

y Heaven. *Qu.* 'Tis terrible , it shakes , it staggers me ;
I knew this truth , but I repell'd that thought.

ure there is none but fears a future state :
and , when the most obdurate swear they do not ,
their trembling hearts bely their boasting tongues.

Enter Teresa.

e. *Corrismond* ; send speedily to *Bertran* ; charge him strictly
not to proceed , but wait my farther pleasure.

Tere. Madam , he sends to tell you , tis perform'd.

(*Exit Teresa.*)

our's ; — *Tor.* Then thousand Plagues consume him , Furies
drag him ,

Friends tear him ; blasted be the arm that strook ,
The tongue that order'd ; — Only she be spar'd
That hindred not the deed. O , where was then
The Power that guards the sacred lives of Kings ?
Why slept the Lightning & the Thunderbolts ?

Or

His

Or bent their idle rage on fields and trees,
When Vengeance call'd 'em here ?

Qu. Sleep that thought too.

'Tis done, and since 'tis done, 'tis past recall :
And since 'tis past recall, must be forgotten.

Tor. O, never, never, shall it be forgotten;
High Heaven will not forget it ; after Ages
Shall with a fearful curse remember ours ;
And blood shall never leave the Nation more !

Qu. His body shall be royally interr'd,
And the last funeral pomps adorn his Hearse.
I will my self (as I have cause too just)
Be the chief Mourner at his obsequies :
And yearly fix on the revolving day
The solemn marks of mourning , to atone
And expiate my offences.

Tor. Nothing can ,
But bloody Vengeance on that Traitor's head ,
Which, dear departed Spirit, here I vow.

Qu. Here end our sorrows, and begin our joys :
Love calls, my *Torrismond* ; though hate has rag'd
And rul'd the day, yet Love will rule the night.
The spiteful Stars have shed their venom down,
And now the peaceful Planets take their turn.
This deed of *Bertran's* has remov'd all fears,
And giv'n me just occasion to refuse him.
What hinders now but that the holy Priest
In secret join our mutual vows ? and then
This night, this happy night, is your's and mine.

Tor. Be still my sorrows, and be loud my joys.
Fly to the utmost circles of the sea,
Thou furious tempest that hast tost my mind,
And leave no thought, but *Leonora*, there. —
What's this I feel a boding in my Soul ?
As if this day were fatal ; be it so ;
Fate shall but have the leavings of my Love.
My joys are gloomy, but withal are great.
The Lion, though he see the toils are set,

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Yet, pinch'd with raging hunger, scowrs away,
Stunts in the face of danger all the day;
At night, with fullen pleasure, grumbles o'er his prey.
[*Exeunt ambo.*]

A C T. I V.

SCENE, *before Gomez his door.*

*Enter Lorenzo, Dominic, and two Soldiers
at a distance.*

D O M I N I C.

I'll not wag an ace farther: The whole world shall not
bribe me to it; for my Conscience will digest these
gross enormities no longer.

Lor. How, thy Conscience not digest 'em! There's
ne'er a Fryar in *Spain* can show a Conscience that comes
near it for digestion: it digested pimping when I sent
thee with my Letter: and it digested perjury when thou
sworest thou didst not know me: I'm sure it has digest-
ed me fifty pounds of as hard Gold as is in all *Barbary*.
Prithee should'st thou discourage Fornication, when
thou knowest thou lovest a sweet young girl?

Dom. Away, away; I do not love 'em;—phau no,
—[*spits*—] I do not love a pretty girl;—you are so wag-
gish;— [*spits again.*]

Lor. Why, thy mouth waters at the very mention of
them.

Dom. You take a mighty pleasure in defamation, Co-
lonel; but I wonder what you find in running restless
up and down, breaking your brains, emptying your
purse, and wearing out your body with hunting after
unlawful game.

Lor.

Yet,

Lor. Why, there's the satisfaction on't.

Dom. This incontinency may proceed to adultery; and adultery to murder, and murder to hanging; and there's the satisfaction on't.

Lor. I'll not hang alone, Fryar; I'm resolv'd to peach thee before thy Superiors for what thou hast done already.

Dom. I'm resolv'd to forswear it if you do: Let me advise you better, Colonel, than to accuse a Churchman: in the common cause we are all of piece; we hang together.

Lor. (*Aside*) If you don't, it were no matter if you did.

Dom. Nay, if you talk of peaching, I'll peach first, and see whose oath will be believ'd; I'll trounce you for offering to corrupt my honesty, and bribe my conscience. You shall be summon'd by an host of Parators: You shall be sentenc'd in the spiritual Court: You shall be excommunicated: You shall be outlaw'd:—and—

[*Here Lorenzo takes a purse, and plays with it, and at last lets the purse fall chinking on the ground; which the Fryar eyes.*]

In another tone.] I say a man might do this now, if he were maliciously dispos'd, and had a mind to bring matters to extremity; but, considering that you are my Friend, a person of Honour, and a worthy good charitable Man, I wou'd rather die a thousand deaths than disoblige you.

[*Lorenzo takes up the purse, and pours it into the Fryar's sleeve.*]

Nay, good Sir; nay, dear Colonel; O Lord, Sir, what are you doing now! I profess this must not be: without this I wou'd have serv'd you to the uttermost: pray command me; a jealous foul-mouth'd Rogue this Gomez is: I saw how he us'd you, and you mark'd how he us'd me too: O he's a bitter Man, but we'll join our forces; ah, shall we, Colonel? we'll be reveng'd on him with a witness.

Lor. But how shall I send her word to be ready at the door? for I must reveal it in confession to you, that I mean to carry her away this evening, by the help of these

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these two Soldiers. I know Gomez suspects you, and you will hardly gain admittance.

Dom. Let me alone; I fear him not; I am arm'd with the authority of my cloathing: yonder I see him keeping centry at his door. Have you never seen a Citizen, in a cold morning, clapping his sides, and walking forward and backward a mighty pace before his shop? but I'll gain the pass in spite of his suspicion; stand you aside, and do but mark how I accost him.

Lor. If he meet with a repulse, we must throw off the Fox's skin, and put on the Lion's, come, Gentlemen, you'll stand by me.

Sold. Do not doubt us Collonel.

[They retire all three to a corner of the Stage. Dominic goes to the door where Gomez stands.]

Dom. Good even, Gomez, how does your Wife?

Gom. Just as you wou'd have her, thinking on nothing but her dear Colonel, and conspiring cuckoldom against me.

Dom. I dare say you wrong her; she is employing her thoughts how to cure you of your jealousy.

Gom. Yes, by certainty.

Dom. By your leave, Gomez; I have some spiritual advice to impart to her on that subject.

Gom. You may spare your instructions if you please, Father, she has no farther need of them.

Dom. How, no need of them! Do you speak in riddles?

Gom. Since you will have me speak plainer; she has profited so well already by your counsel, that she can say her lesson without your teaching. Do you understand me now?

Dom. I must not neglect my duty, for all that; once again, Gomez, by your leave.

Gom. She's a little indispos'd at present, and it will not be convenient to disturb her.

(Dominic offers to go by him, but t'other stands before him.)

Dom. Indispos'd, say you? O, it is upon those occasions that a Confessor is most necessary: I think it

was my good Angel that sent me hither so opportunely.

Gom. Ay, whole good Angels sent you hither, that you best know, Father.

Dom. A word or two of devotion will do her no harm, I'm sure.

Gom. A little sleep will do her more good, I'm sure: You know she disburthen'd her conscience but this morning to you.

Dom. But, if she be ill this afternoon, she may have new occasion to confess.

Gom. Indeed, as you order matters with the Colonel, she may have occasion of confessing her self every hour.

Dom. Pray, how long has she been sick?

Gom. Lord, you will force a man to speak; why, ever since your last defeat.

Dom. This can be but some light indisposition, it will not last, and I may see her.

Gom. How, not last! I say, it will last, and it shall last; she shall be sick these seven or eight days, and perhaps longer, as I see occasion: what, I know the mind of her sickness a little better than you do.

Dom. I find then, I must bring a Doctor.

Gom. And he'll bring an Apothecary with a chargeable long bill of *ana's*: those of my Family have the grace to die cheaper. In a word, Sir *Dominic*, we understand one another's business here: I am resolv'd to stand like the *Swiss* of my own Family, to defend the entrance; you may mumble over your *Pater nosters* if you please, and try if you can make my doors fly open, and batter down my walls with bell, book, and candle but I am not of opinion that you are holy enough to commit miracles.

Dom. Men of my Order are not to be treated after this manner.

Gom. I wou'd treat the Pope and all his Cardinals in the same manner, if they offer'd to see my Wife without my leave.

Dom. I excommunicate thee from the Church, if thou

thou dost

Gom.

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thou dost not open; there's promulgation coming out.

Gom. And I excommunicate you from my Wife, if you go to that; there's promulgation for promulgation, and Bull for Bull; and so I leave you to recreate your self with the end of an old song— *and sorrow came to the old Fryar.*
[*Ex Gomez.*]

Lorenzo comes to him.

Lor. I will not ask you your success; for I overheard part of it, and saw the conclusion. I find we are now put upon our last trump; the Fox is earth'd, but I shall send my two Terriers in after him.

Souldier. I warrant you Coloael, we'll unkennel him.

Lor. And make what haste you can to bring out the Lady: What say you, Father, Burglary is but a venial sin among Soldiers.

Dom. I shall absolve them, because he is an Enemy of the Church—There is a proverb, I confess, which says, that dead men tell no tales: but let your Soldiers apply it at their own perils.

Lor. What, take away a Man's Wife, and kill him too! the wickedness of this old Villain startles me, and gives me a twinge for my own sin; though it come far short of his. Hark you Soldiers, be sure you use as little violence to him as is possible.

Dom. Hold a little, I have thought better how to secure him, with less danger to us.

Lor. O miracle, the Fryar is grown conscientious!

Dom. The old King you know is just murder'd, and the persons that did it are unknown; let the Soldiers seize him for one of the Assassins, and let me alone to accuse him afterwards.

Lor. I cry thee mercy with all my heart, for suspecting a Fryar of the least good-nature: What, would you accuse him wrongfully?

Dom. I must confess, 'tis wrongful *quoad hoc*, as to the fact it self; but 'tis rightful *quoad hunc*, as to this

heretical Rogue, whom we must dispatch: He has rail'd against the Church, which is a fouler crime than the murder of a thousand Kings; *Omne majus continet in se minus*. He that is an enemy to the Church, is an enemy to Heaven; and he that is an enemy to Heaven, wou'd have kill'd the King, if he had been in the circumstances of doing it: So it is not wrongful to accuse him.

Lor. I never knew a Church-man, if he were personally offended, but he wou'd bring in Heaven by hook or by crook into his quarrel. Soldiers, doe as you were first order'd. [Exeunt Soldiers.

Dom. What was't you order'd 'em? Are you sure it's safe, and not scandalous?

Lor. Somewhat near your own design, but not altogether so mischievous; the People are infinitely discontented, as they have reason; and mutinies there are, or will be, against the Queen; now I am content to put him thus far into the Plot, that he should be secur'd as a Traitor; but he shall only be Prisoner at the Soldiers quarters; and when I am out of reach, he shall be releas'd.

Dom. And what will become of me then? for when he is free he will infaillibly accuse me.

Lor. Why then, Father, you must have recourse to your infallible Church remedies; Lie impudently, and swear devoutly, and, as you told me but now, let him try whose Oath will be first believ'd: Retire; I hear 'em coming. [They withdraw.

Enter the Soldiers with Gomez struggling on their backs.

Gom. Help, good Christians, help Neighbours; my house is broken open by force, and I am ravish'd, and am like to be assassinated; what do you mean Villains? will you carry me away like a Pedler's pack upon your backs? will you murder a Man in plain day-light?

First Soldier. No: but we'll secure you for a Traitor; and for being in a Plot against the State.

Gom. Who, I in a Plot! O Lord! O Lord! I never durst

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durst be in a Plot: Why, how can you in conscience suspect a rich Citizen of so much wit as to make a Plot? There are none but poor Rogues, and those that can't live without it, that are in Plots.

Second Soldier. Away with him, away with him.

Gom. O, my Gold! my Wife! my Wife! my Gold! As I hope to be sav'd now, I know no more of the Plot than they that made it.

[*They carry him off, and exeunt.*]

Lor. Thus far have we sail'd with a merry gale, and now we have the Cape of good hope in sight; the Trade wind is our own if we can but double it. [*He looks out.*]

[*Aside.*] Ah, my Father and *Pedro* stand at the corner of the street with company, there's no stirring till they are past,

Enter Elvira with a Casket.

Elv. Am I come at last into your arms?

Lor. Fear nothing; the Adventure's ended; and the Knight may carry off the Lady safely.

Elv. I'm so over-joy'd, I can scarce believe I am at liberty: but stand panting, like a Bird that has often beaten her wings in vain against her cage, and at last dares hardly venture out though she sees it open.

Dom. Lose no time, but make haste while the way is free for you; & there-upon I give you my Benediction.

Lor. 'Tis not so free as you suppose; for there's an old Gentleman of my acquaintance that blocks up the passage at the corner of the street.

Dom. What have you gotten there under your arm, daughter? somewhat I hope that will bear your charges in your Pilgrimage.

Lor. The Fryar has an Hawk's eye to Gold and Jewels.

Elv. Here's that will make you dance without a Fiddle, and provide better entertainment for us, than hedges in summer, and barns in winter; here's the very heart and soul, and life & blood of *Gomez*; Pawns in abundance,

dance, old Gold of Widows, and new Gold of Prodigals, and Pearls and Diamonds of Court-Ladies, till the next Bribe helps their Husbands to redeem 'em.

Dom. They are the spoils of the wicked, and the Church endows you with em.

Lor. And, Faith, we'll drink the Church's health out of them. But all this while I stand on thorns; prithee, Dear, look out, and see if the coast be free for our escape; for I dare not peep for fear of being known.

[*Elvira goes to look, and Gomez comes running in upon her: she shrieks out.*]

Gom. Thanks to my Stars, I have recover'd my own territories—What do I see! I'm ruin'd! I'm undone! I'm betray'd!

Dom. [*Aside*] What a hopeful enterprize is here spoil'd.

Gom. O, Colonel, are you there? and you, Fryar? Nay, then I find how the world goes.

Lor. Cheer up man; thou art out of jeopardy; I heard thee crying out just now, and came running in full speed with the wings of an Eagle, and the feet of a Tyger to thy rescue.

Gom. Ay, you are always at hand to do me a courtesie, with your Eagle's feet, and your Tyger's wings: and, what were you here for, Fryar?

Dom. To interpose my spiritual authority in your behalf.

Gom. And why did you shriek out, Gentlewoman?

Elv. 'Twas for joy at your return.

Gom. And that casket under your arm, for what end and purpose?

Elv. Only to preserve it from the Thieves.

Gom. And you came running out of doors—

Elv. Only to meet you, sweet Husband.

Gom. A fine Evidence sum'd up among you; thank you heartily; you are all my Friends: the Colonel was walking by accidentally, and hearing my voice, came in to save me; the Fryar who was hobbling the same way too, accidentally again, and not knowing of the Colonel

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nel, I warrant you, he comes in to pray for me; and my faithful Wife runs out of doors to meet me with all my Jewels under her arm, and shrieks out for joy at my return: but if my Father-in-law had not met your Soldiers, Colonel, and deliver'd me in the nick, I shou'd neither have found a Friend nor a Fryar here, and might have shriek'd out for joy my self for the loss of my Jewels and my Wife.

Dom. Art thou an Infidel? Wilt thou not believe us?

Gom. Such Church-men as you wou'd make any Man an infidel. Get you into your kennel, Gentlewoman: I shall thank you within-doors for your safe custody of my Jewels and your own

He thrusts his Wife off the stage.

As for you, Colonel huff cap, we shall try before a civil Magistrate who's the greater Plotter of us two, I against the State, or you against the petticoat.

Lor. Nay, If you will complain, you shall for something. [Beats him,

Gom. Murther! murther! I give up the ghost!
I am destroy'd! help! murther! murther!

Dom. Away, Colonel, let us fly for our lives; the Neighbours are coming out with forks and fire-shovels and spits, and other domestick weapons, the Militia of a whole alley is rais'd against us.

Lor. This is but the interest of my debt. Master Usurer, the principal shall be paid you at our next meeting.

Dom. Ah, if your Soldiers had but dispatch'd him, his tongue had been laid a-sleep. Colonel; but this comes of not following good counsel; ah—

[Exeunt Lorenzo and Fryar severally.

Gom. I'll be reveng'd of him if I dare; but he's such a terrible fellow that my mind misgives me, I shall tremble when I have him before the Judge. All my misfortunes come together: I have been robb'd, and cuckolded, and ravish'd, and beaten, in one quarter of an hour: my poor Limbs smart, and my poor head akes: ay, do, do, smart limbs, ake head, and sprout horns; but I'll be

hang'd before I'll pity you: you must needs be married, must ye? There's for that, [*beats his own head.*] and to a fine, young, modish Lady, must ye? There's for that too; and at threescore, you old doting Cuckold, take that remembrance — a fine time of day for a Man to be bound Prentice, when he is past using of his trade; to set up an equipage of noise when he has most need of quiet: instead of her being under *covert-baron*, to be under *covert-femme* my self; to have my body disabl'd, and my head fortifi'd; and lastly, to be crowded into a narrow box with a shrill trebble,

That with one blast through the whole house does bound,

And first taught Speaking trumpets how to sound.

(*Exit Gomez.*)

SCENE The Court.

Enter Raymond, Alphonso, Pedro.

Raym. Are these, are these, ye Powers, the promis'd joys,
With which I flatter'd my long tedious absence;
To find, at my return, my Master murder'd?
O, that I could but weep to vent my passion!
But this dry sorrow burns up all my tears.

Alph. Mourn inward, Brother; 'tis observ'd at Court
Who weeps, and who wears black; and your return
Will fix all eyes on every act of your's,
To see how you resent King *Sancho's* death. (*strait*)

Raym. What generous Man can live with that con-
Upon his soul, to bear, much less to flatter
A Court like this? can I sooth Tyranny?
Seem pleas'd to see my Royal Master murder'd?
His Crown usurp'd? a Distaff in the Throne?
A Council made of such as dare not speak,

And

be married, and could not if they durst; whence honest Men
 [ad.] and to wish themselves for shame of being there?

ere's forthat Government that, knowing not true wisdom,
 kold, take scorn'd abroad, and lives on tricks at home?

a Man to be Alph. Vertue must be thrown off, 'tis a coarse garment,
 is trade; to so heavy for the sun shine of a Court:

ost need of et I have seen even there an honest man;
 aron, to be that is, as honest as a Court can bear;

dy disabl'd, or Courtiers are to be accounted good,
 ded into a when they are not the last, & worst of men.

house does Raym. Well then, I will dissemble for an end
 great, so pious, as a just revenge:

found. ou'll join with me.

rit Gomez. Alph. No honest Man but must.

nd force must pull her down. Ped. What title has this Queen but lawless force?

Alph. Truth is. I pity *Leonora's* case;
 forc'd, for her safety, to commit a crime
 which most her Soul abhors.

Raym. All she has done, or e'er can do, of good,
 this one black deed has damn'd.

Ped. You'll hardly gain your Son to our design.

Raym. Your reason for't.

Ped. I want time to unriddle it:

ut on your t'other face, the Queen approaches.

Enter the Queen, Bertran, and Attendants.

d at Court Raym. And that accursed *Bertran*
 return talks close behind her, like a Witch's Fiend,

(strait pressing to be employ'd: stand and observe them.

that con- Queen to *Bertran*] Bury'd in private, and so suddenly!

crosses my design, which was t'allow
 The rites of funeral fitting his degree,

With all the pomp of mourning.

Bert. It was not safe:

Objects of pity, when the cause is new,

And Would work too fiercely on the giddy crowd,

Had *Caesar's* body never been expos'd ,
Brutus had gain'd his cause.

Qu. Then, was he lov'd ?

Bert. O, never Man so much, for Saint-like goodness,

Ped. [*Aside.*] Had bad Men fear'd him, but as good
 Men lov'd him,

He had not yet been Sainted.

Qu. I wonder how the People bear his death ?

Bert. Some discontents there are ; some idle murmurs.

Ped. How, Idle murmurs ! Let me plainly speak :

The doors are all shut up ; the wealthier sort,

With arms a-crofs, and hats upon their eyes ;

Walk to and fro before their silent shops :

Whole droves of Lenders crowd the Banker's doors,

To call in Money ; those who have none, mark

Where Money goes ; for when they rise 'tis plunder.

The Rabble gather round the Man of news,

And listen with their mouths :

Some tell, some hear, some judge of news, some make it

And he who lies most loud, is most believ'd.

Qu. This may be dangerous.

Raym. [*Aside.*] Pray Heaven it may.

Bert. If one of you must fall,

Self preservation is the first of laws :

And if, when Subjects are oppress'd by Kings,

They justify Rebellion by that law,

As well may Monarchs turn the edge of right

To cut for them, when self-defence requires it.

Qu. You place such arbitrary power in Kings,

That I much fear, if I should make you one,

You'd make your self a Tyrant. Let these know

By what authority you did this act.

Bert. You much surprize me to demand that question:

But, since truth must be told, 't was by your own.

Qu. Produce it; or by Heaven, your head shall answer
 The forfeit of your tongue.

Raym. [*Aside.*] Brave mischief towards.

Bert. You bade me,

Qu.

Qu. When, and where?

Bert. No, I confess, you bade me not in words;
The Dial spoke not, but it made shrewd signs,
And pointed full upon the stroke of murder.

At this you said,
You were a Woman ignorant and weak,
I left it to my care.

Qu. What if I said,

That I was a Woman ignorant and weak;
Were you to take th' advantage of my sex,
And play the Devil to tempt me? You contriv'd,
You urg'd, you drove me headlong to your toils;
And if, much tir'd, and frighted more, I paus'd;
Were you to make my doubts your own commission?

Bert. This 'tis to serve a Prince too faithfully;
Who, free from laws himself, will have that done,
Which not perform'd, brings us to sure disgrace;
And if perform'd, to ruin.

Qu. This 'tis to counsel things that are unjust:
First, to debauch a King to break his laws,
Which are his safety, and then seek protection
From him you have endanger'd. But just Heaven,
When sins are judg'd, will damn the tempting Devil
More deep than those he tempted.

Bert. If Princes not protect their Ministers,
What Man will dare to serve them?

Qu. None will dare

To serve them ill, when they are left to Laws;
But when a Counsellor, to save himself,
Would lay miscarriages upon his Prince,
Exposing him to publick rage and hate;
O, 'tis an act as infamously base,
As should a common Soldier sculk behind,
And thrust his General in the front of war:
It shews he only serv'd himself before,

And had no sense of Honour, Country, King;
But center'd on himself; and us'd his Master
As Guardians do their Wards, with shows of care,

But

But with intent to sell the public safety,
And pocket up his Prince.

Ped. [*Aside*] Well said, i'faith;
This speech is e'en too good for an Usurper.

Bert. I see for whom I must be sacrific'd;
And, had I not been sotted with my zeal,
I might have found it sooner.

Qu. From my sight!
The Prince who bears an insolence like this
Is such an Image of the Powers above,
As is the Statue of the thundring God,
Whose Bolts the Boys may play with.

Bert. Unreveng'd
I will not fall, nor single. [*Exit Bertran cum suis.*]

Queen to Raymond, who kisses her hand.

Qu. Welcome, welcome:
I saw you not before: one honest Lord
Is hid with ease among a crowd of Courtiers,
How can I be too grateful to the Father
Of such a Son as *Torrismond*?

Raym. His actions were but duty.

Qu. Yet, my Lord,
All have not paid that debt like noble *Torrismond*.
You hear how *Bertran* brands me with a crime,
Of which, your Son can witness, I am free.
I sent to stop the murder, but too late;
For crimes are swift, but penitence is slow.
The bloody *Bertran* diligent in ill,
Flew to prevent the soft returns of Pity.

Raym. O cursed haste of making sure a sin!
Can you forgive the Traytor?

Qu. Never, never:
'Tis written here in characters so deep
That seven years hence, 'til then should I not meet him,
And in the Temple then, I'll drag him thence,
Ev'n from the holy Altar to the block.

Raym.

Raym. Aside.] She's fir'd, as I would wish her; aid me
 All my ends are thine, to gain this point; (Justice
 And ruin both at once.— It wounds indeed, [To her.
 To bear affronts too great to be forgiven,
 And not have power to punish; yet one way
 There is to ruin *Bertran*.

Qu. O, there's none;
 Except an Host from Heaven can make such haste
 To save my Crown as he will do to seize it:
 You saw he came surrounded with his Friends,
 And knew besides our Army was remov'd
 To quarters too remote for sudden use.

Raym. Yet you may give commission
 To some bold Man, whose loyalty you trust,
 And let him raise the Train-bands of the City.

Qu. Gross-feeders, Lion-talkers, Lamb like fighters.

Raym. You do not know the virtues of your City,
 What pushing force they have; some popular Chief,
 More noisic than the rest, but cries halloo,
 And in a trice the bellowing Herd come out;
 The gates are barr'd, the ways are barricado'd,
 And *One and all's* the Word; true Cocks of th' game,
 That never ask for what, or whom, they fight;
 But turn 'em out, and shew 'em but a Foe,
 Cry Liberty, and that's a cause of quarrel.

Qu. There may be danger in that boist'rous rout:
 Who knows when fires are kindled for my Foes,
 But some new blast of wind may turn thoir flames
 Against my Palace walls.

Raym. But still their Chief
 Must be some one whose Loyalty you trust.

Qu. And who more proper for that trust than you,
 Whose Interests, though unknown to you, are mine?
Alphonso, Pedro, haste to raise the Rabble,
 He shall appear to head 'em.

Raym [*Aside to Alphonso and Pedro.*] First seize *Bertran*;
 And then insinuate to them that I bring
 Their lawful Prince to place upon the Throne.

Raym.

Alph.

Alph. Ourlawful Prince!

Raym. Fear not; I can produce him.

Pedro to Alphonso.) Now we want
Your Son *Lorenzo*: What a mighty faction
Would he make for us of the City-Wives,
With, O dear Husband, my sweet honey Husband,
Won't you be for the Colonel? if you love me,
Be for the Colonel! O he's the finest Man!

[*Exeunt Alphonso, Pedro.*
Raym. Aside] So, now we have a Plot behind the
She thinks she's in the depth of my design, (Plot,
And that it's all for her; but time shall show,
She only lives to help me ruin others,
And last, to fall her self.

Qu. Now, to you *Raymond*: Can you guess no reason
Why I repose such confidence in you?
You needs must think

There's some more powerful cause than loyalty.
Will you not speak to save a Lady's blush!
Must I inform you 'tis for *Torresmonid*,
That all this grace is shown? (what I fear'd.

Raym. (*Aside*) By all the Powers, worse, worse than

Qu. And yet, what need I blush at such a choice?
I love a Man, whom I am proud to love,
And am well-pleas'd my inclination gives
What gratitude would force O, pardon me;
I ne'er was covetous of wealth before;
Yet think so vast a treasure as your son,
Too great for any private Man's possession;
And him too rich a Jewel to be set
In vulgar metal, or for vulgar use.

Raym. Arm me with patience, Heaven.

Qu. How, patience, *Raymond*!
What exercise of patience have you here?
What find you in my Crown to be condemn'd?
Or in my person loath'd? Have I, a Queen,
Past by my fellow-rulers of the World,
Whose vying Crowns lay glittering in my way,

As if the world were pav'd with Diadems?
Have I refus'd their blood, to mix with yours,
And raise new Kings from so obscure a Race,
Yet scarce knew where to find them when I call'd:
Have I heap'd on my person, crown and state,
To load the scale, and weigh'd my self with earth,
For you to spurn the balance?

Raym. Eate but the last; and 'tis what I would say.

Can I, can any loyal Subject see

With patience, such a stoop from Sovereignty?

In Ocean pour'd upon a narrow brook?

My zeal for you must lay the Father by,

And plead my Country's cause against my Son.

What though his heart be great, his actions gallant,

He wants a Crown to poize against a Crown,

Birth to match birth, and power to balance power.

Qu. All these I have, and these I can bestow:

But he brings worth and Vertue to my bed;

And Vertue is the wealth which Tyrants want.

I stand in need of one whose glories may

Redeem my crimes, ally me to his fame,

Dispel the factions of my Foes on earth,

Disarm the justice of the Powers above.

Raym. The People never will endure this choice.

Qu. If I endure it, what imports it you?

Go raise the Ministers of my revenge,

Guide with your breath this whirling tempest round,

And see its fury fall where I design.

At last a time for just revenge is given;

Revenge the darling attribute of Heaven:

But Man, unlike his Maker, bears too long;

Still more expos'd, the more he pardons wrong:

Great in forgiving, and in suffering brave;

To be a Saint he makes himself a Slave, [*Exit Queen.*]

Raym. (solus) Mariage with *Torrismond*! it must not be;

By Heaven, it must not be; or, if it be;

Law, Justice, Honour, bid farewell to Earth;

For Heaven leaves all to Tyrants.

Enter

As

Enter Torrismond, who kneels to him.

Tor. O, ever welcome, Sir,
But doubly now! you come in such a time,
As if propitious Fortune took a care
To swell my tide of joys to their full height,
And leave me nothing farther to desire.

Raym. I hope I come in time, if not to make,
At least, to save your fortune and your honour:
Take heed you steer your Vessel right, my Son;
This calm of Heaven, this Mermaid's melody,
Into an unseen Whirl-pool draws you fast,
And in a moment sinks you.

Tor. Fortune cannot:
And Fate can scarce; I've made the Port already,
And laugh securely at the lazy storm
That wanted wings to reach me in the deep.
Your pardon, Sir, my duty calls me hence;
I go to find my Queen, my earthly Goddess,
To whom I ow my hopes, my Life, my love.

Raym. You ow her more perhaps than you imagine;
Stay, I command you stay, and hear me first;
This hour's the very *crisis* of your fate,
Your good or ill, your infamy or fame;
And all the colour of your life depends
On this important now.

Tor. I see no danger;
The City, Army, Court, espouse my cause;
And, more than all, the Queen with publick favour
Indulges my pretensions to her love.

Raym. Nay, if possessing her can make you happy,
'Tis granted, nothing hinders your design.

Tor. If she can make me blest! she only can:
Empire, and Wealth, and all she brings beside,
Are but the Train and Trappings of her Love:
The sweetest, kindest, truest of her Sex,
In whose possession years rowl round on years,

And

And joys in circles meet new joys again:

Kisses, embraces, languishing and death;

Still from each other, to each other move

To crown the various seasons of our love:

And doubt you if such love can make me happy?

Raym. Yes, for I think you love your Honour more.

Tor. And what can shock my Honour in a Queen?

Raym. A Tyrant, an Usurper.

Tor. Grant she be.

When from the Conqueror we hold our lives,

We yield our selves his Subjects from that hour:

For mutual benefits make mutual ties.

Raym. Why, can you think I owe a Thief my life

Because he took it not by lawless force?

What if he did not all the ill he cou'd?

Am I oblig'd, by that, to assist his rapines,

And to maintain his murthers?

Tor. Not to maintain, but bear 'em unreveng'd.

Kings titles commonly begin by force,

Which time wears off and mellows into right:

So power, which in one age is tyranny,

Is ripen'd in the next to true succession.

She's in possession.

Raym. So diseases are:

Shou'd not a lingring fever be remov'd,

Because it long has rag'd within my blood?

Do I rebell when I wou'd thrust it out?

What, shall I think the world was made for one?

And Men are born for Kings, as beasts for Men;

Not for protection, but to be devour'd?

Mark those who dote on arbitrary power,

And you shall find 'em either hot-brain'd Youth,

Or needy Statesmen, servile in their greatness,

And slaves to some, to lord it o'er the rest.

O baseness, to support a Tyrant throne,

And crush your free born Brethren of the world!

Nay, to become a part of usurpation;

T' espouse the Tyrant's person and her crime,

And

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And

And on a Tyrant, get a Race of Tyrants,
To be your Country's curse in after ages.

Tor. I see no crime in her whom I adore,
Or if I do, her beauty makes it none:
Look on me as a Man abandon'd o'er
To an eternal lethargy of love;
To pull, and pinch, and wound me cannot cure,
And but disturb the quiet of my death.

Raym. O, Vertue! Vertue! what are thou become;
That Men should leave thee for that toy a Woman,
Made from the dross and refuse of a Man?
Heaven took him sleeping when he made her too;
Had Man been waking he had ne'er consented.
Now Son suppose
Some brave Conspiracy were ready form'd
To punish Tyrants and redeem the Land,
Cou'd you so far bely your Country's hope,
As not to head the party?

Tor. How cou'd my hand rebel against my heart?

Raym. How cou'd your heart rebel against your

Tor. No honour bids me fight against my self, (reason?)
The Royal Family is all extinct,
And she who reigns bestows her Crown on me:
So must I be ungrateful to the living,
To be but vainly pious to the dead;
While you defraud your offspring of their fate.

Raym. Mark, who defrauds their offspring, you or I.
For know there yet survives the lawful heir
Of *Sancho's* blood; whom when I shall produce,
I rest assur'd to see you pale with fear,
And trembling at his name. (tremble:

Tor. He must be more than Man who makes me
I dare him to the field, with all the odds
Of justice on his side, against my Tyrant.
Produce your lawful Prince, and you shall see
How brave a Rebel Love has made your Son.

Raym. Read that: 'Tis with the Royal signet sign'd,
And given me by the King when time shou'd serve

The Double Discovery.

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To be perus'd by you

Torrismond reads.

I the King.

*My youngest and alone surviving Son,
Reported dead, t'escape rebellious rage,
Till happier times shall call his courage forth,
To break my fetters or revenge my Fate,
I will that Raymond educate as his,
And call him Torrismond —*

If I am he, that Son, that *Torrismond*,
The World contains not so forlorn a wretch!
Let never Man believe he can be happy!
For when I thought my fortune most secure,
One fatal moment tears me from my joys:
And when two hearts were join'd by mutual love,
The sword of justice cuts upon the knot,
And severs 'em for ever.

Raym True, it must.

Tor. O cruel Man, to tell me that it must!

If you have any pity in your breast,
Redeem me from this labyrinth of Fate,
And plunge me in my first obscurity:
The secret is alone between us two;
And though you wou'd not hide me from my self,
O, yet be kind, conceal me from the world,
And be my Father still.

Raym Your lot's too glorious, & the proof's too plain:
Now, in the name of Honour, Sir, I beg you,
(Since I must use authority no more)
On these o'd knees I beg you, e're I die,
That I may see your Father's death reveng'd.

Tor. Why, 'tis the only bus'ness of my life;
My order's issued to recall the Army,
And *Bertran*'s death's resolv'd.

Raym. And not the Queen's; O she's the chief Offen-
Shall justice turn her edge within your hand? (der?

No, if she's scape, you are your self the Tyrant,
And murderer of your Father.

Tor. Cruel Fates,
To what have you reserv'd me?

Raym. Why that sigh? (heart,

Tor. Since you must know, (but break, o break my
Before I tell my fatal story out;)

Th' Usurper of my Throne, my House's ruin,
The Murderer of my Father, is my Wife!

Raym. O, Horror! Horror! after this alliance,
Let Tygers match with Hinds, and Wolves with Sheep,
And every Creature couple with his Foe.

How vainly Man designs when Heaven opposes!
I bred you up to Arms, rais'd you to power,
Permitted you to fight for this Usurper,
Indeed to save a Crown, not her's, but your's;
All to make sure the vengeance of this day,
Which even this day has ruin'd. One more question.

Let me but ask, and I have done for ever:
Do you yet love the cause of all your woes,
Or, is the grown (as sure she ought to be)
More odious to your sight than toads and adders?

Tor. O, there's the utmost malice of my Fate,
That I am bound to hate, and born to love!

Raym. No more:—Farewel my much lamented King.
[*Aside.*] I dare not trust him with himself so far
To own him to the people as their King,
Before their rage has finish'd my designs
On *Bertran* and the Queen; but in despite
Ev'n of himself I'll save him. (Exit Raymond.)

Tor. 'Tis but a moment since I have been King,
And weary on't already; I'm a Lover,
Am lov'd, possess; yet all these make me wretched;
And Heav'n has giv'n me blessings for a curse.
With what a load of vengeance am I prest,
Yet never, never, can I hope for rest;
For when my heavie burthen I remove,
The weight falls down, and crushes her I love.

(Exit Torrismond.)



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A T C. V.

SCENE A Bed-Chamber.

Enter Torrismond.

TORRISMOND.
Love, Justice, Nature, Pity, and Revenge
Have kindled up a wild fire in my breast,
And I am all a civil-war within!

Enter Queen and Teresa at a distance.

My *Leonora* there!
Mine? Is she mine? My Father's Murtherer mine?
Oh! that I could with honour love her more,
Or hate her less with reason! See, she weeps;
Thinks me unkind, or false; and knows not why
I thus estrange my person from her bed:
Shall I not tell her? No: 'twill break her heart:
She'll know too soon her own and my misfortunes (*Exit.*)

Qu. He's gone, and I am lost; Didst thou not see
His sullen eyes? how gloomily they glanc'd:
He look'd not like the *Torrismond* I lov'd. (*ceeds?*)

Ter. Can you not guess from whence this change pro-

Qu. No: there's the grief, *Teresa*: oh, *Teresa*!
Fain would I tell thee what I feel within,
But shame and modesty have ty'd my tongue:
Yet I will tell, that thou may'st weep with me,
How dear, how sweet his first embraces were!

With what a zeal he join'd his lips to mine !
 And suckt my breath at every word I spoke,
 As if he drew his inspiration thence :
 While both our Souls came upward to our mouths,
 As neighbouring Monarchs at their borders meet :
 I thought ; O no, 'tis false, I could not think ;
 'Twas neither life nor death, but both in one

Ter. Then sure his transports were not less than your's.

Qu. More, more ! for by the high hung taper's light
 I cou'd discern his cheeks were glowing red,
 His very eye balls trembled with his love,
 And sparkl'd through their casements humid fires :
 He sigh'd & kiss'd, breath'd short, and wou'd have spoke,
 But was too fierce to throw away the time ;
 All he cou'd say was Love, and *Leonora*.

Ter. How then can you suspect him lost so soon ?

Qu. Last night he flew not with a Bridegroom's haste,
 Which eagerly prevents th' appointed hour ;
 I told the clocks, and watch'd the wasting light,
 And listned to each softly treading step,
 In hope 'twas he ; but still it was not he.
 At last he came, but with such alter'd looks,
 So wild, so ghastly, as if some Ghost had met him ;
 All pale, and speechless, he survey'd me round ;
 Then, with a groan, he threw himself a bed,
 But far from me, as far as he cou'd move,
 And sigh'd, and tofs'd, and turn'd, but still from me.

Ter. What, all the night ?

Qu. Even all the live-long night.

At last : (tor, blushing, I must tell thee all,)
 I press'd his hand, and laid me by his side,
 He pull'd it back, as if he touch'd a Serpent.
 With that I burst into a flood of tears,
 And ask'd him how I had offended him :
 He answer'd nothing, but with sighs and groans :
 So restless pass'd the night ; and at the dawn
 Leapt from the bed, and vanish'd,

Ter. Sighs and groans,

Paleness and trembling, all are signs of love;
He only fears to make you share his sorrows.

Qu. I with 'twere so: but Love still doubts the worst;
My heavy heart, the Prophetess of woes,
Forebodes some ill at hand. To sooth my sadness
Sing me the Song which poor *Olympia* made
When false *Bireno* left her.—

A S O N G.

I.

*Farewel ungrateful traitor,
Farewel my perjur'd Swain,
Let never injur'd creature
Believe a Man again.
The pleasure of possessing,
Surpasses all expressing,
But 'tis too short a blessing,
And love too long a pain.*

II.

*'Tis easie to deceive us
In pity of your pain;
But when we love you leave us
To rail at you in vain.
Before we have descry'd it
There is no bliss beside it;
But she that once has try'd it
Will never love again.*

III.

*The passion you pretended
Was only to obtain;
But when the charm is ended*

*The Charmer you disdain.
Your love by ours we measure
Till we have lost our treasure,
But dying is a pleasure,
When living is a pain.*

Re-enters Torrismond.

Tor. Still she is here, and still I cannot speak;
But wander like some discontented Ghost,
That oft appears, but is forbid to talk. *(Going again.)*

Qu. O, *Torrismond*, if you resolve my death,
You need no more but to go hence again;
Will you not speak?

Tor. I cannot.

Qu. Speak! oh, speak!
Your anger wou'd be kinder than your silence.

Tor. Oh!

Qu. Do not sigh, or tell me why you sigh?

Tor. Why do I live, ye Powers?

Qu. Why do I live to hear you speak that word?
Some black-mouth'd Villain has defam'd my virtue.

Tor. No! No! Pray let me go.

Qu. *(kneeling)* You shall not go:
By all the pleasures of our nuptial bed,
If ever I was lov'd: though now I'm not,
By these true tears, which from my wounded heart
Bleed at my eyes.—

Tor. Rise.

Qu. I will never rise:
I cannot chuse a better place to die.

Tor. Oh! I wou'd speak, but cannot. [*me not:*

Qu. *(rising.)* Guilt keeps you silent then; you love
What have I done? ye Powers, what have I done?
To see my youth, my beauty, and my love
No sooner gain'd, but slighted and betray'd:
And like a Rose just gather'd from the stalk,

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But only smelt, and cheaply thrown aside
To wither on the ground.

Tere. For Heaven's sake, Madam, moderate your Passion

Qu. Why nam'st thou Heaven? there is no Heaven
for me;

Despair, Death, Hell, have seiz'd my tortur'd Soul.
When I had rais'd his groveling fate from ground,
To pow'r and love, to Empire and to me;
When each embrace was dearer than the first;
Then, then to be contemn'd; then! then thrown off!
It calls me old, and wither'd, and deform'd,
And loathsome: Oh! what Woman can bear loathsome?
The Turtle flies not from his billing mate,
He bills the closer: but ungrateful Man,
Base, barbarous Man, the more we raise our love,
The more we pall, and cool, and kill his ardour.
Racks, Poison, Daggers, rid me but of life;
And any death is welcome.

Tor. Be witness all ye Powers that know my heart,
I would have kept the fatal secret hid,
But she has conquer'd, to her ruin conquer'd.
Here, take this paper, read our destinies:
Yet do not; but in kindness to your self,
Be ignorantly safe.

Qu. No! give it me;
Even though it be the sentence of my death.

Tor. Then see how much unhappy love has made us.
O *Leonora*! Oh!

We two were born when fullen Planets reign'd;
When each the other's influence oppos'd,
And drew the Stars to factions at our birth.
Oh! better, better had it been for us
That we had never seen, or never lov'd.

Qu. There is no faith in Heaven, if Heaven says so.
You dare not give it

Tor. As unwillingly,
As I would reach out *Opium* to a Friend
Who lay in torture, and desir'd to dye. [*Gives the Paper.*

But now you have it, spare my sight the pain
Of seeing what a world of tears 'twill cost you :
Go silently enjoy your part of grief,
And share the sad inheritance with me.

Qu. I have a thirity fever in my Soul,
Give me but present ease, and let me die.

[*Exit Queen and Teresa.*]

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Arm, arm, my Lord, the City-Bands are up,
Drums beating, Colours flying, shouts confus'd;
All clustering in a heap like swarming hives,
And rising in a moment.

Tor. With design
To punish *Bertran*, and revenge the King;
'Twas order'd so.

Lor. Then you're betray'd, my Lord.
'Tis true, they block the Castle kept by *Bertran*;
But now they cry, Down with the Palace, fire it,
Pull out th' usurping Queen.

Tor. The Queen, *Lorenzo*! durst they name the Queen?

Lor. If railing and reproaching be to name her.

Tor. O Sacrilege! Say quickly who commands
This vile blaspheming rout?

Lor. I'm loath to yell you,
But both our Fathers thrust 'em headlong on,
And bear down all before 'em.

Tor. Death and Hell!
Somewhat must be resolv'd, and speedily.
How say'st thou, my *Lorenzo*, dar'st thou be
A Friend, and once forget thou art a Son,
To help me save the Queen?

Lor. (*Aside.*) Let me consider;
Bear arms against my Father? he begat me;
That's true; but for whose sake did he beget me?
For his own sure enough; for me he knew not.

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The Double Discovery.

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Oh! but says Conscience, fly in Nature's face;
But how if Nature fly in my face first?
Then Nature's the agreslor, let her look to't —
— He gave me life, and he may take it back: —
No, that's Boys play. say I. — 'Tis policy
For son and Father to take different sides:
For then, lands and tenements commit no treason.

(To Tor.) Sir, upon mature consideration, I have found
my Father to be little better than a Rebel, and therefore
I'll do my best to secure him for your sake; in hope you
may secure him hereafter for my sake.

Tor Put on thy utmost speed to head the Troops
Which every moment I expect t'arrive.
Proclaim me, as I am, the lawful King.
I need not caution thee for *Raymond's* life,
Though I no more must call him Father now.

Lor. (*Aside.*) How! not call him Father? I see Pre-
ferment alters a Man strangely: this may serve me for a
use of Instruction, to cast off my Father when I am great.
Methought too he call'd himself the lawful King; intima-
ting sweetly, that he knows what's what with our
Sovereign' Lady. Well, if I rout my Father, as I hope
in Heaven I shall, I am in a fair way to be a Prince of the
blood: Farewel General; I'll bring up those that shall try
what mettle there is in orange tawny.

Tor. at the Door) Halte there, command the Guards be all
Before the Palace gate — By Heaven I'll face [drawn up
This tempest, and deserve the name of King.

O, *Leonora*, beauteous in thy crimes,
Never were Hell and Heaven so match'd before.
Look upward, Fair, but as thou look'st on me;
Then all the blest will beg that thou may'st live,
And even my Father's Ghost his death forgive.

(Exit Tor.)

SCENE

S C E N E, *The Palace-Yard.**Drums and Trumpets within.**Enter Raymond, Alphonso, Pedro, and their Party.*

Raym. Now, valiant Citizens, the time is come
 To shew your courage and your loyalty :
 You have a Prince of *Sancho's* Royal blood ,
 The Darling of the heavens, and joy of earth ;
 When he's produc'd, as soon he shall, among you ;
 Speak, what will you adventure to defeat him
 Upon his Father's Throne ?

Omn. Our Lives and Fortunes.

Raym. What then remains to perfect our success,
 But o'er the Tyrant's Guards to force our way ?

Omn. Lead on, Lead on.

Drums and Trumpets on the other side.

*Enter Torrismond and his Party; as they are going to fight,
 he speaks.*

Tor. [*to his.*] Hold, hold your Arms.

Raym. [*to his*] Retire.

Alph. What means this pause ?

Ped. Peace : Nature works within them.

[*Tor. and Raym. go apart.*]

Tor. How comes it, good old Man, that we two meet
 On these harsh terms ! thou very reverend Rebel ?
 Thou venerable Traitor, in whose face
 And hoary hairs Treason is sanctifi'd ;
 And sin's black dye seems blanch'd by age to Vertue.

Raym. What Treason is it to redeem my King,
 And to reform the State ?

Tor. That's a stale cheat ;

The Double Discovery.

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the primitive Rebel, *Lucifer*, first us'd it,
and was the first Reformer of the Skies.

Raym. What if I see my Prince mistake a poison,
all it a cordial: Am I then a Traitor,
because I hold his hand, or break the glass?

Tor. How dar'st thou serve thy King against his will?

Raym. Because 'tis then the only time to serve him.

Tor. I take the blame of all upon my self:
I charge the weight on me.

Raym. O, never, never!
thy, 'tis to leave a Ship tost in a tempest,
without the Pilot's care.

Tor. I'll punish thee,
Heaven, I will, as I wou'd punish Rebels,
thou stubborn loyal Man.

Raym. First let me see
er punish'd who misleads you from your Fame;
then burn me, hack me, hew me into pieces,
and I shall dye well pleas'd.

Tor. Proclaim my Title,
to save th' effusion of my Subject's blood, —
and thou shalt still

as my Foster-father near my breast,
and next my *Leonora*.

Raym. That word stabs me.
You shall be still plain *Torrismond* with me,
I' abetter, partner, (if you like that name,)
the Husband of a Tyrant, but no King;
Will you deserve that Title by your justice.

Tor. Then, farewell pity, I will be obey'd.
To the People.] Hear, you mistaken Men, whose loyalty
runs headlong into Treason: See your Prince,
I come behold your murder'd *Sancho's* Son;
Dismiss your arms, and I forgive your crimes.

Raym. Believe him not; he raves; his words are loose
as heaps of sand, and scattering, wide from sense.
You see he knows not me, his natural Father;
but aiming to possess th' usurping Queen.

So

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So high he's mounted in his airy hopes,
That now the wind is got into his head,
And turns his brains to Frenzy.

Tor. Hear me yet, I am —

Raym. Fall on, fall on, and hear him not:
But spare his person for his Father's sake.

Ped. Let me come, if he be mad, I have that shall cure him. There's no Surgeon in all *Arragon* has so much dexterity as I have at breathing of the temple-vein.

Tor. My right for me.

Raym. Our liberty for us.

Omn. Liberty, Liberty, — [*As they are ready to fight*]

Enter Lorenzo and his Party.

Lor. On forfeit of your lives lay down your arms.

Alph. How, Rebel, art thou there?

Lor. Take your Rebel back again, Father mine: the beaten party are Rebels to the Conquerors.

I have been at hard head with your butting Citizens;

I have routed your herd; I have dispers'd them;

And now they are retreated quietly, from their extraordinary vocation of fighting in the streets, to their ordinary vocation of cozening in their shops. [*truth*]

Tor. to Raym.] You see 'tis vain contending with the
Acknowledge what I am. [*own*]

Raym. You are my King: wou'd you wou'd be your
But by a fatal fondness you betray

Your fame and glory to th' Usurper's bed:

Enjoy the fruits of blood and parricide,

Take your own Crown from *Leonora's* gift,

And hug your Father's murderer in your arms.

Enter Queen and Teresa: Women.

Alph. No more: behold the Queen.

Raym. Behold the Basilisk of *Torrismond*.
That kills him with her eyes, I will speak on,

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Raym.

When

My life is of no farther use to me :

I would have chaffer'd it before, for vengeance ;

Now let it go for failing.

(*Speak,*

Tor. (*Aside.*) My heart sinks in me while I hear him

And every slackn'd fiber drops its hold,

Like Nature letting down the springs of life :

So much the name of Father awes me still.

Send off the crowd :

[*your demands.*

For you, now I have conquer'd, I can hear with honour

Lor to *Alph.*) Now, Sir, who proves the Traitor ?

My conscience is true to me, it always whispers right

when I have my Regiment to back it.

(*Exeunt omnes præter Torrism. Raym. Leon.*

Tor. O *Leonora* ! what can Love do more ?

I have oppos'd your ill fate to the utmost :

Combated Heaven and Earth to keep you mine :

And yet at last that Tyrant, Justice ! Oh—

Qu. 'Tis past, 'tis past : and Love is ours no more

Yet I complain not of the Powers above ;

They made m'a Miser's feast of happiness,

And cou'd not furnish out another meal.

Now, by yon Stars, by Heaven, and Earth, and Men ;

By all my Foes at once ; I swear, my *Torrismond*,

That to have had you mine for one short day

Has cancell'd half my mighty sum of woes :

Say but you hate me not.

Tor. I cannot hate you.

Raym. Can you not ? say that once more ;

That all the Saints may witness it against you.

Qu. Cruel *Raymond* !

Can he not punish me but he must hate ?

O ! 'tis not justice, but a brutal rage,

Which hates th' offender's person with his crimes.

I have enough to overwhelm one woman,

To lose a Crown and Lover in a day :

Let pity lend a tear when rigour strikes.

(*pity,*

Raym. Then, then you should have thought of tears and

When Vertue, Majesty, and hoary age

Pleaded

Pleaded for *Sancho's* life.

Qu. My future days shall be one whole contrition;
A Chapel will I build with large endowment,
Where every day an hundred aged Men
Shall all hold up their wither'd hands to Heaven,
To pardon *Sancho's* death.

Tor. See, *Raymond*, see: she makes a large amends:
Sancho is dead: no punishment of her
Can raise his cold stiff limbs from the dark grave;
Nor can his blessed soul look down from Heaven;
Or break th' eternal sabbath of his rest,
To see with joy her miseries on earth.

Raym. Heaven may forgive a crime to penitence,
For Heaven can judge if penitence be true;
But Man, who knows not hearts, should make examples;
Which, like a warning piece must be shot off,
To fright the rest from crimes.

Qu. Had I but known that *Sancho* was his Father,
I would have pour'd a deluge of my blood
To save one drop of his.

Tor. Mark that, inexorable *Raymond*, mark!
'Twas fatal ignorance that caus'd his death.

Raym. What if she did not know he was your Father?
She knew he was a Man, the best of Men,
Heaven's image double stamp'd, as Man and King.

Qu. He was, he was, ev'n more than you can say,
But yet —

Raym. But yet you barbarously murder'd him.

Qu. He will not hear me out!

Tor. Was ever criminal forbid to plead?
Curb your ill-manner'd zeal.

Raym. Sing to him *Syren*;
For I shall stop my ears: now mince the sin;
And mollifie damnation with a phrase:
Say you consented not to *Sancho's* death,
But barely not forbade it.

Qu. Hard hearted man, I yield my guilty cause,
But all my guilt was caus'd by too much love.

Had

Had I for jealousy of empire sought
Good *Sancho's* death, *Sancho* had dy'd before.

'Twas always in my power to take his life:
But interest never could my conscience blind
Till love had cast a mist before my eyes;
And made me think his death the only means
Which could secure my Throne to *Torriſmond*.

Tor. Never was fatal mischief meant so kind,
For all she gave, has taken all away.
Malicious Pow'rs! is this to be restor'd?
Tis to be worse depos'd than *Sancho* was.

Raym. Heav'n has restor'd you, you depose your self.
Oh! when young Kings begin with scorn of justice,
They make an omen to their after reign,
And blot their Annals in the foremost page.

Tor. No more; lest you be made the first example,
To show how I can punish.

Raym. Once again;
Let her be made your Father's sacrifice,
And after make me hers.

Tor. Condemn a Wife!
That were to atone for parricide with murder!

Raym. Then let her be divorc'd! we'll be content
With that poor scanty justice: Let her part. (love.

Tor. Divorce! that's worse than death, 'tis death of

Qu. The soul and body part not with such pain
As I from you; but yet 'tis just, my Lord:
I am th' accurs'd of Heaven, the hate of earth,
Your Subject's detestation, and your ruin:
And therefore fix this doom upon my self.

Tor. Heav'n! can you wish it? to be mine no more!

Qu. Yes, I can wish it as the dearest proof
And last that I can make you of my love.
To leave you blest I would be more accurs'd
Than death can make me; for death ends our woes;
And the kind grave shuts up the mournful scene:
But I would live without you; to be long, wretched
And board up every moment of my life,

To lengthen out the payment of my tears,
Till ev'n fierce *Raymond*, at the last, shall say,
Now let her die, for she has griev'd enough.

Tor. Hear this, hear this, thou Tribune of the people:
Thou zealous, publick blood-hound hear and melt.

Raym (*Aside*) I could cry now, my eyes grow womanish
But yet my heart holds out.

Qu. Some solitary Cloister will I chuse,
And there with holy Virgins live immur'd:
Course my attire, and short shall be my sleep,
Broke by the melaucholy midnight bell:
Now, *Raymond*, now be satisfied at last.
Fasting and tears, and penitence and prayer
Shall do dead *Sancho* justice every hour.

Raym (*Aside*.) By your leave, Manhood! (*Wipes his eyes*.)

Tor. He weeps, now he's vanquish'd.

Raym. No! 'Tis but a salt rheum that scalds my eyes.

Qu. If he were vanquish'd, I am still unconquer'd
I'll leave you in the height of all my love,
Ev'n when my heart is beating out its way,
And struggles to you most.
Farewel, a last farewell! my dear, dear Lord,
Remember me; speak *Raymond*, will you let him?
Shall he remember *Leonora's* love,
And shed a parting tear to her misfortunes?

Raym. (*Almost crying*.) Yes, yes, he shall, pray go.

Tor. Now, by my Soul, she shall not go: why, *Raymond*,
Her every tear is worth a Father's life.

Come to my arms, come, my fair penitent,
Let us not think what future ills may fall,
But drink deep draughts of love, and lose 'em all.

(*Exit Torrismond with the Queen.*)

Raym. No matter yet, he has my hook within him,
Now let him frisk and frownce and run and rowl,
And think to break his hold. He toils in vain:
This Love, the bait he gorg'd so greedily,
Will make him sick, and then I have him sure.

Enter

Enter Alphonso and Pedro.

Alph. Brother, there's news from *Bertran*; he desires Admittance to the King; and cries aloud, This day shall end our fears of Civil-war. For his safe conduct he entreats your presence, And begs you would be speedy.

Raym. Though I loath The Traitor's sight, I'll go: Attend us here (*Exit Raym.*)

Enter Gomez, Elvira, Dominic, with Officers, to make the Stage as full as possible.

Pedro. Why, how now *Gomez*: what mak'st thou here with a whole brotherhood of City-Baliffs? why, thou look'st like *Adam* in Paradise, with his guard of beasts about him.

Gom. Ay, and a Man had need of them, *Don Pedro*: for here are the two old Seducers, a Wife and a Priest, that's *Eve* and the Serpent at my elbow.

Dom. Take notice how uncharitably he talks of Church men.

Gom. Indeed you are a charitable *Belfwagger*: my Wife cry'd out Fire, Fire; and you brought out your Church-buckets, and call'd for engines to play against it.

Alph. I am sorry you are come hither to accuse your Wife, her education has been vertuous, her nature mild and easie.

Gom. Yes! she's easie with a vengeance; there's a certain Colonel has found her so.

Alph. She came a spotless Virgin to your bed.

Gom. And she's a spotless Virgin still for me — she's never the worse for my wearing, I'll take my oath on't: I have liv'd with her with all the innocence of a Man of threescore; like a peaceable Bedfellow as I am.

Elv. Indeed, Sir, I have no reason to complain of him for disturbing of my sleep.

Dom. A fine commendation you have given your self; the Church did not marry you for that.

Ped. Come, come, your grievances, your grievancés:

Dom. Why, Noble Sir, I'll tell you.

Gom. Peace, Fryar! and let me speak first. I am the Plaintiff. Sure you think you are in the pulpit where you preach by hours.

Dom. And you edifie by minutes.

Gom. Where you make doctrines for the people, and uses and applications for your selves.

Ped. *Gomez*, give way to the old Gentleman in black;

Gom. No! the r'other old Gentleman in black shall take me if I do: I will speak first, nay, I will, Fryar, for all your *verbum Sacerdotis*, I'll speak truth in few words, and then you may come afterwards, and lye by the clock as you use to do. For, let me tell you, Gentlemen, he shall lye and forswear himself with any Fryar in all Spain: that's a bold word now—

Dom. Let him alone: let him alone: I shall fetch him back with a *circum bendibus* I warrant him.

Alph. Well, what have you to say against your Wife,

Gomez?

Gom. Why, I say, in the first place, that I and all men are married for our sins, and that our Wives are a judgment, that a Batchelor-Cobler is a happier man than a Prince in wedlock; that we are all visited with a household-Plague, and *Lord have mercy upon us* should be written on all our doors.

Dom. Now he reviles Marriage, which is one of the seven blessed Sacraments.

Gom. 'Tis liker one of the seven deadly Sins: but make your best on't, I care not: 'tis but binding a man neck and heels for all that. But as for my Wife, that *Crocodile of Nilus*, she has wickedly and traiterously conspir'd the Cuckoldom of me her anointed sovereign Lord, and with the help of the afore said Fryar, whom Heaven confound, and with the limbs of one Colonel *Hernando*, Cuckoldmaker of this City, devilishly contriv'd to steal her self away, and under her arm feloniously to bear one cas-

ket

ket of Diamonds, Pearls, and other Jewels, to the value of 30000 Pistols. Guilty, or not guilty; how say'st thou Culprit?

Dom. False and scandalous! Give me the book, I'll take my corporal oath point blank against every particular of this charge

Elv. And so will I.

Dom. As I was walking in the streets, telling my beads, and praying to my self, according to my usual custom, I heard a foul outcry before *Gomez* his portal; and his Wife, my Penitent, making doleful lamentations: Whereupon, making what haste my limbs would suffer me, that are cripp'd with often kneeling, I saw him spurning and sitting her most unmercifully; whereupon, using christian arguments with him to desist, he fell violently upon me, without respect to my Sacerdotal orders, push'd me from him and turn'd me about with a finger and a thumb, just as a Man would set up a top. Mercy, quoth I; Damme, quoth he. And still continued belabouring me, till a good minded Colonel came by, whom as Heaven shall save me, I had never seen before.

Gom. O Lord! O Lord!

Dom. Ay, and O Lady! O Lady too! I redouble my oath, I had never seen him. Well, this noble Colonel, like a true Gentleman, was for taking the weaker part you may be sure—whereupon this *Gomez* flew upon him like a dragon, got him down, the Devil being strong in him, and gave him bastinado on bastinado, and buffet upon buffet, which the poor meek Colonel, being prostrate, suffered with a most christian patience

Gom. Who, he meek? I'm sure I quake at the very thought of him: why, he's as fierce as *Rhodimont*; he made assault and battery upon my person, beat me into all the colours of the Rainbow. And every word this abominable Priest has utter'd is as false as the *Alcoran*. But if you want a thorough pac'd liar, that will swear

The Spanish Fryar: or,
through thick and thin, commend me to a Fryar.

Enter Lorenzo, who comes behind the company, and stands at his Father's back unseen, over-against Gomez.

Lor. (Aside.) How now! What's here to do? my cause a trying, as I live, and that before my own Father! Now Fourscore take him for an old bawdy Magistrate, that stands like the picture of Madam Justice, with a pair of scales in his hand, to weigh lechery by ounces.

Alb. Well — but all this while, who is this Colonel *Hernando*?

Gom. He's the first-begotten of *Beelzebub*, with a face as terrible as *Demogorgon*.

(Lorenzo peeps up over Alphonso's head, and stares at Gomez.)

No! I lye, I lye:

He's a very proper handsome fellow! well proportion'd, and clean shap'd, with a face like a Cherubin.

Ped. What, backward and forward *Gomez*? dost thou hunt counter?

Alph. Had this Colonel any former design upon your Wife? for, if that be prov'd you shall have justice.

Gom. [*Aside*] Now I dare speak; let him look as dreadfully as he will. I say, Sir, and I will prove it, that he had a lewd design upon her body, and attempted to corrupt her honesty [*Lor. lifts up his fist clenched at him.*

I confess my Wife was as willing — as himself; and, I believe, 'twas she corrupted him: for I have known him formerly a very civil and modest person.

Elv. You see, Sir, he contradicts himself at every word: he's plainly mad

Alph. Speak boldly Man! and say what thou wilt stand by: did he strike thee?

Gom. I will speak boldly: He struck me on the face before my own threshold, that the very walls cry'd shame on him.

[*Lor. holds up again.*

'Tis true, I gave him provocation, for the Man's as peaceable

peaceable a Gentleman as any is in all Spain.

Dom. Now the truth comes out in spite of him.

Ped. I believe the Fryar has bewitch'd him.

Alph. For my part, I see no wrong that has been offer'd him.

Gom. How! no wrong, why, he ravish'd me with the help of two Soldiers, carried me away *vi & armis*, and would have put me into a Plot against the Government.

[*Lor. holds up again.*]

I confess, I never could endure the Government, because it was tyrannical. But my sides and shoulders are black and blue, as I can shew, and shew the marks of 'em.

[*Lor. again.*]

But that might happen too by a fall that I got yesterday upon the pebbles.

(*All laugh.*)

Dom. Fresh straw, and a dark chamber: a most manifest judgment: there never comes better of railing against the Church.

Gom. Why, what will you have me say? I think you'll make me mad. Truth has been at my tongue's end this half hour, and I have not power to bring it out, for fear of this bloody-minded Colonel.

Alph. What Colonel?

Gom. Why, my Colonel; I mean, my Wife's Colonel, that appears there to me like my *malus genius*, and terrifies me.

Alph. turning. Now you are mad indeed, *Gomez*; this is my Son *Lorenzo*.

Gom. How! your Son *Lorenzo*! it is impossible.

Alph. As true as your Wife *Elvira* is my Daughter.

Lor. What, have I taken all this pains about a Sister?

Gom. No, you have taken some about me: I am sure, if you are her Brother, my sides can shew the tokens of our alliance.

Alph. (to Lor.) You know I put your Sister into a Nunnery, with a strict command, not to see you, for fear you should have wrought upon her to have taken the habit, which was never my intention; and consequently, I married her without your knowledge, that it might not

be in your power to prevent it.

Elv. You see, Brother, I had a natural affection to you

Lor. What a delicious Harlot have I lost! Now, pox upon me, for being so near a-kin to thee.

Elv. However, we are both beholding to Fryar *Dominiac*, the Church is an indulgent Mother, she never fails to do her part.

Dom. Heaven! what will become of me?

Gom. Why, you are not like to trouble Heaven; those fat guts were never made for mounting.

Lor. I shall make bold to disburthen him of my hundred Pistols, to make him the lighter for his journey: Indeed, 'tis partly out of conscience, that I may not be accessory to his breaking his vow of poverty.

Alph. I have no secular power to reward the pains you have taken with my Daughter: But I shall do't by Proxy, Fryar; your Bishop's my friend, and is too honest to let such as you infect a Cloister.

Gom. Ay, do Father-in-law, let him be stript of his habit, and disorder'd—I would fain see him walk in quерpo, like a cas'd Rabbit, without his holy furr upon his back, that the world may once behold the inside of a Fryar.

Dom. Farewel, kind Gentlemen: I give you all my blessing before I go—

May your Sisters, Wives, and Daughters be so naturally lewd, that they may have no occasion for a Devil to tempt, or a Fryar to pimp for 'em.

(Exit, with a Rabble pushing him.)

Enter Torrismond, Leonora, Bertran, Raymond, Teresa, &c.

Tor. He lives! he lives! my Royal Father lives!
Let every one partake the general joy,
Some Angel with a golden trumpet sound,
King *Sancho* lives! and let the echoing skies
From pole to pole resound, King *Sancho* lives.

The Double Discovery.

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O *Bertran*, O! no more my Foe, but Brother:
One act like this blots out a thousand crimes.

Bert. Bad Men, when 'tis their interest, may do good:
I must confess, I counsel'd *Sancho's* murder;
And urg'd the Queen by specious arguments:
But still suspecting that her love was chang'd,
I spread abroad the rumour of his death,
To found the very soul of her designs.
Th' event you know was answering to my fears:
She threw the *odium* of the fact on me,
And publickly avow'd her love to you.

Raym Heaven guided all to save the innocent.

Bert I plead no merit, but a bare forgiveness.

Tor. Not only that, but favour: *Sancho's* life,
Whether by vertue or design preserv'd,
Claims all within my power.

Qu. My Prayers are heard;
And I have nothing farther to desire,
But *Sancho's* leave to authorize our marriage.

Tor. Oh! fear not him! Pity and he are one;
So merciful a King did never live;
Loth to revenge, and easie to forgive:
But let the bold Conspirator beware,
For Heaven makes Princes its peculiar care.

(*Exeunt omnes.*)

The end of the fifth Act.

EPILOGUE.

By a Friend of the Author.

THere's none I'm sure, who is a friend to love,
But will our Fryar's character approve;
The ablest Spark among you sometimes needs,
Such pious help for charitable deeds.
Our Church, alas! (as Rome objects) does want
These ghostly comforts for the falling Saint.
This gains them their Whore-converts, and may be,
One reason of the growth of Popery.
So Mahomet's Religion came in fashion,
By the large leave it gave to Fornication.
Fear not the guilt, if you can pay for't well,
There is no Dives in the Roman Hell;
Gold opens the strait gate, and lets him in;
But want of money is a mortal sin.
For all besides you may discount to Heaven,
And drop a bead to keep the tallies even.
How are Men cozen'd still with shows of good!
The Bawd's best mask is the grave Fryar's hood.
Though Vice no more a Clergy-man displeases,
Than Doctors can be thought to hate diseases:
'Tis by your living ill that they live well,
By your debauches their fat paunches swell.
'Tis a mock-war between the Priest and Devil,
When they think fit, they can be very civil.
As some who did French counsels most advance,
To blind the world, have rail'd in print at France;
Thus do the Clergy at your vices bawl,
That with more ease they may engross them all.
By damning yours, they do their own maintain,
A Church-man's godliness is always gain.
Hence to their Prince they will superior be;
And civil treason grows Church-loyalty.



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EPILOGUE.

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*They boast the gift of Heaven is in their power;
Well may they give the God they can devour.
Still to the sick and dead their claims they lay;
For 'tis on carrion that the Vermin prey.
Nor have they less dominion on our life,
They trot the Husband, and they pace the Wife.
Rouse up you Cuckolds of the northern climes,
And learn from Sweden to prevent such crimes.
Unman the Fryar, and leave the holy drone,
To hum in his forsaken hive alone;
He'll work no honey when his sting is gone.
Your Wives and Daughters, soon will leave the cells,
When they have lost the sound of Aaron's bells.*

F I N I S.



